

ISSUE 99 • £1.60
NOT FOR SALE TO CHILDREN

Zit

INSIDE:
**F*CKER
KNUCKLES**

VICE GIRLS

The man who
**COLLECTS
EYEBALLS**



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FRANCE
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EDITION**

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FOOTY
GAME!**

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THAT ALWAYS
GETS PULLED OFF
AT HALF
TIME**





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OF ILLEGAL
SUBSTANCES WILL
BE EVICTED FROM
THE PREMISES.



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life's limited enough.
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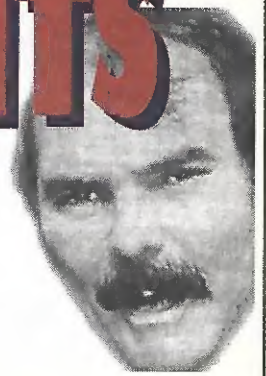
A word from the Editor

Alright Zit Heads,
This issue is the best 99 you'll ever get. Jam packed full of fun and no dodgy geezer with sweaty armpits selling it to you. As you're probably aware, we reach the grand old age of 100 next issue although I can't see us getting a telegram from the queen.. can you?. We've got loads planned to celebrate and you'll also get a FREE tape on the front cover featuring some of our wonderful characters brought to life. So, don't miss out! Order your copy now. See you next issue and remember to keep rolling those fat ciggies!
Noggy

ZIT 'BIG MAGS'
Regent House,
Hove St. Hove,
East Sussex
BN3 2DW

Zit

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THE VICE GIRLS



.. WELL, SLAGS- I'VE JUST FINISHED THE BOOKS FOR THE END OF THE FINANCIAL YEAR AND I'M PROUD TO ANNOUNCE WE HAVE MADE A PROFIT OF PRECISELY FUCK ALL....

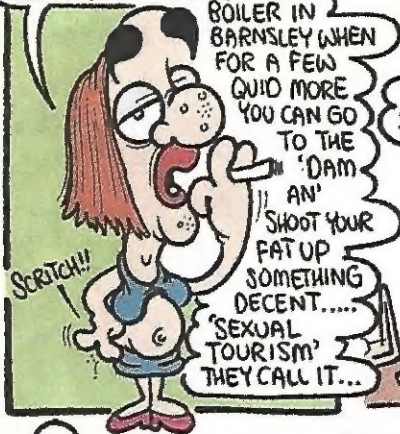


...TELL ME ABOUT IT! I RECKON I'VE GOT THE ONLY ANOREXIC PIGGY BANK IN THE FLIPPIN' WORLD!!



"I say, old jap.."

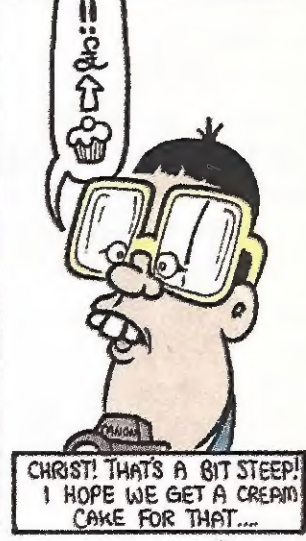
.. WELL, Y'SEE NOBODY WANTS YOUR GOOD OLD BRITISH WHORE ANYMORE... I MEAN, WHY SHAG SOME PIMPLE-ARSED OLD BOILER IN BARNSELY WHEN FOR A FEW QUID MORE YOU CAN GO TO THE 'DAM AN' SHOOT YOUR FAT UP SOMETHING DECENT..... 'SEXUAL TOURISM' THEY CALL IT...



.. SEXUAL TOURISM, EH?...



...YOU KNOW HOW YOU'VE ALWAYS SAID YOU'D LIKE A JOB IN TOURISM?....

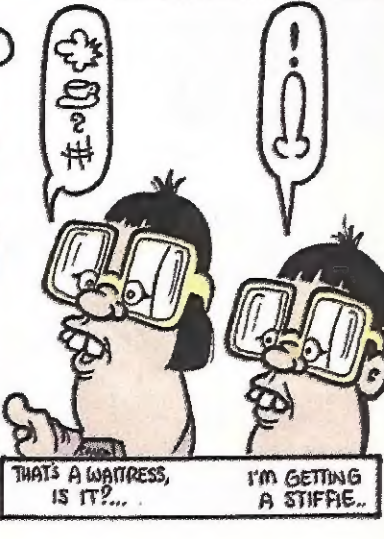


WHAT'S A BROTHEL? I DUNNO.. ITS LIKE A TEA SHOP, ISNT IT?...

...RIGHT THEN...HERE WE SEE THE TRADITIONAL ENGLISH LADY OF THE NIGHT... YOU WILL NOTICE HER FACIAL EXPRESSION, CAREFULLY CREATED TO LURE YOU IN TO HER SENSUOUS CLUTCHES...



JUST LOOK AT THIS TIRED OLD WHORE, WITH HER SCABBY FACE SAGGING BREASTS AND DISEASED...



.. PHOTOGRAPHY IS NOT ALLOWED INSIDE THE WHOREHOUSE, SO PLEASE HAND OVER YOUR CAMERAS THEY WILL BE RETURNED AFTER YOUR VISIT, AND A FULL RANGE OF COLOUR POSTCARDS IS AVAILABLE FROM THE GIFT SHOP..

.. AND WHAT HAVE WE HERE? OH, LOOK! IT'S A TRADITIONAL ENGLISH CRACK WHORE - POISED, PIPE IN HAND...

.. PRESS THE BUTTON AND WATCH HER INHALE FROM THE CRYSTALS THAT ROBBED HER OF HER DIGNITY...

.. GO ON, THEN! PRESS THE FUCKER!!

WHORE TOUR

Crack Whore

Crack Whore

.. I'm FRIGGIN' GAGGING FOR A BLAST!!

SSSSSS

SSSSSS

.. mm!! mm!!...

.. AFTER YOU WITH THAT, SCARY..

OOH.. LOOK.. IT'S A TRADITIONAL ENGLISH WHORE WITH A POTENTIAL CUSTOMER, OR PUNTER.... LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE PRESS THE BUTTON....

WHORE TOUR

Whore and Punter

... AND IT LOOKS LIKE A TRANSACTION IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE!....

.. RIGHT-NOW IT'S TIME FOR SOME SOUVENIR PHOTOS!

WHORE TOUR

.. CHRIST AL -MIGHTY...

FLASH!

FLASH!

FLASH!

...AND THAT CONCLUDES THE TOUR, THANK YOU FOR YOUR VISIT, THE EXIT IS THAT WAY...

WHERE TOUR

Gift Shop

...BUT DO STOP AT THE GIFT SHOP ON YOUR WAY OUT...

GIFT SHOP

FANNY... BATTER...?

FANNY BATTER

...SMELLS LIKE...
...SUSHI...

...I'M SCARED. THIS ISN'T A TEA SHOP.. CAN WE GO?...
BLOODY RIGHT.. I'LL GET THE CAMERAS THEN WE'LL GET OFF...

AH.. CAMERAS, PREASE...

..OH, SORRY MATE,

..THEY'VE BEEN NICKED..

..I'M DEAD SORRY, LIKE, BUT IT'S LIKE THE SIGN SAYS..

The manager accepts no responsibility for article left on the premises owners do so at their own risk

..WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ARTICLES LEFT ON THE...

HAIEEEEE!!

SMACK WHACK!

AGH!!

SNACK WHACK!

ARRGH!!

BIFF!

CRUNCH!

OOH!!

SPLAT!

GOUGE!

OH NO! YOU CAN RIP US OFF...
...MAKE US LOOK LIKE CUNTS...
BUT YOU DONT FUCK WITH OUR CAMERAS!!

AND...

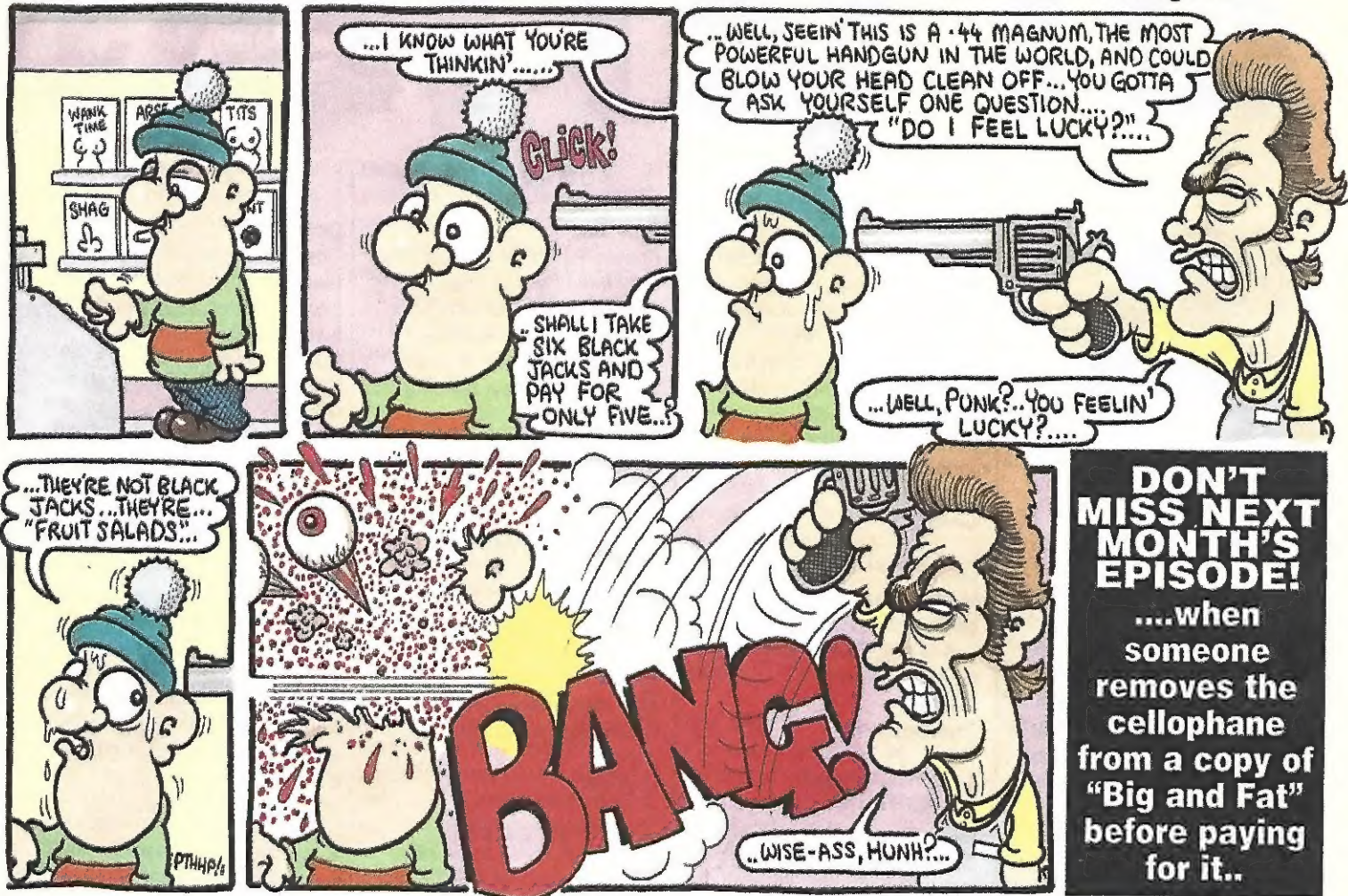
HONESTLY SCOUSE.. IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS... HERE, D'YOU WANT A BIT OF SAVLON...?

..NO? ALRIGHT THEN, NEVER MIND - YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY...
"SUMO YOU WIN, SUMO YOU LOSE!"
EH?! EH?!

RAF!

...OW.. FUCK.. NO SENSE OF HUMOUR, THAT ONE...

W.H.SMITH & WESSON The .44 Calibre Newsagent




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BETWEEN MY
SLIPPERY TITS
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DIRTY SLUTS TO
MAKE YOU SPUNK
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I'M OPEN WIDE +
WAITING FOR YOU
0374 556624

LUCK MY BIG TITS & SPUNK OVER MY BELLY 0374 556318



BACKDOOR BABES!

**WILL BEND OVER
FOR SOME
REAR ACTION**

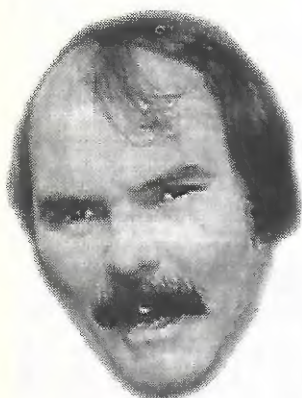
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ZIT LETTERS



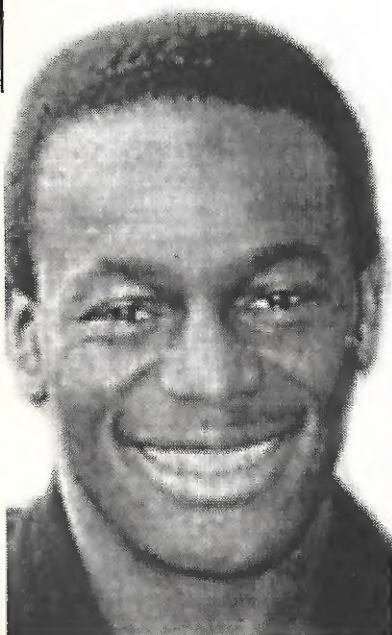
TOSH

Dear Zit,
Tosh Lyons is dead is he?
Everyone is going on about
the Bill and I'm no exception,
he didn't pay the fucking bill
for that last round of drinks.
The tanked up mustached
swine.
Harry.
Red Lion.
Kent

BOOZER

Dear Zit,
Tosh Lyons is dead. What's
all the fucking fuss? The
more of those coppers that
go 'belly up' the fuckin better.
Sneaky Peter
H.M.P. Wandsworth.

FASH



Dear Zit,

So Tosh Lyons died at the
bar of a boozer down south
did he? Well, I'm not fuckin'
surprised. I was charged over
two quid for a pint of warm
bitter on a recent trip to
London. It nearly seen me off
I can tell you. I never even
had enough for a packet of
pork scratchings for thas
whippet.

Our Ely
Leeds.

Dear Zit,

Is there any truth in the old
saying 'A Yorkshiremen is
just like Scotsman only with
longer pockets?'

Eddie
Staffordshire.

BENNY

Dear Zit,

Justin Fashanu has carked it
has he? I was thinking they'll
have to put him face down in
the fuckin' coffin so all his
mates can recognise him.
Not that I'm homophobic or
anything you understand.

Brian Robson
Middlesborough.

HILL

Dear Zit,

What a nasty surprise to find
out that Justin Fashanu had
snuffed it. You see I was plan-
ning a 'Pro- Celeb Pink'
game of football and was
rather looking forward to the
muscular ex Barnado's
Nigerian pulling me off at half
time. Not to mention messing
about with my midfield config-
uration if you know what I
mean?

Elton Wig.
Watford.

JIMMY

Dear Zit,

I've made a profound
discovery as to why a man
has a large bulbous end to
his cock. It's so his hand
doesn't slip off and hit him in
the forehead.

Louise.
London.

SOMMERVILLE

Dear Zit,

France 98. What a good side
they must have. I mean inter-
national games usually have
a score like one nil or two
one, so for France to score
98 they must be a blinding
side.

Samantha Fox
(And the winner is ... Mick)
East End.

ANOTHER ONE

Dear Zit,

My wife is a page three girl.
Page three of he fuckin
Yellow Pages under 'agricul-
tural machinery'. The cow -
hipped fuckin' tractor.

Johno
Oxford.

PLEASE

Dear Zit,

Inspector Morse. Imagine if it
turned out that his partner
played by that fella Kevin
Whatley was his son. He
would have to say 'Lewis,
Lewis, Lewis my son.' Thus
ensuring the royalties on my
album with The Happy
Mondays keep rolling in.

Shaun Ryder
Manchester.

BARMAN

Dear Zit,

Manchester United have lost
the title have they? No they
fuckin haven't, they're still
known as 'a bunch of moan-
ing crying cunts' in my neck
of the woods.

Frank
West Ham.

TOSH'S

Dear Zit,

Does Samantha Janus
realise that when she signed
into my mums hotel the other
week her signature looked
like Samantha J. Anus? Oh
yes and when she and that
fella she was with nipped
down for breakfast, I nipped
into her room and swiped a
pair of her dirty sweats. A nice
dirty white G- string. Looks
more like a fuckin' Twiglet
though, the dirty cow. You'd
think with all that money
she'd learn to wipe her arse a
bit better. I left her a little
memento on the inside of her
short black leather skirt.
Anyway, must go Kathy Staff
(Nora Batty) from Last Of The
Summer Wine, has just
nipped down for a spot of
light lunch. Wahey.

Eric
The Royal Hotel
St Ives.

LAST

Dear Zit,

Britannia Music Club. 'Buy
one and get six free' they
said. Well get this, I never
bought one and still got six
free in fact I got fourteen free
in total. I just gave the name
of a student who used to live
in this house and stocked up
my record collection with the
very best of curent hits. Now
they're sending nasty letters
to someone who fucked off
back to the Home Counties
three months ago.

Great Eh?
Leo.
Manchester.

WORDS



It's the page that drinks like a fish ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dear Big Mags,

We would be most grateful if you could let us have the full address of Leo.

**Britannia Music Club.
Essex.**

Dear Britannia Music Club,

Not unless you stop sending the editor 'the editors fucking choice.' The Very Best of Harry Fucking Seacombe is not my choice. Me, actually being the editor, only makes my brain hurt when I think about it too long.

Noggy.

Dear Zit,

A word of warning to all people who fancy taking their boyfriend's to The Royal Hotel in St Ives. Don't. You see, I went their last week and my G - String went missing and when I slipped on my black leather mini I found someone had left a slug of 'Gentlemen's Relish' on the lining. Being a female impersonator modelling myself upon the 'Game On' star Samantha Janus, I'm not adverse to a bit of mans muck. I only wish they'd have asked and I'd have aken it in the gob.

**Samantha J Anus
London NW1**

Dear Zit,

If you were wanting to kill yourself. What would be the best method?

Eric.

**The Royal Hotel.
St. Ives.**

Dear Zit,

I think my Gran is going senile. She's always kept a budgie but now she thinks me and my girlfriend are species of African parrot. You see the other night, after she'd been to visit us, she got up and left for bingo saying 'I suppose you two lovebirds want to be alone.' I tried to remonstrate with her and make her see the error of her ways but she just looked at me funny. Strange eh?

Ken.

East Midlands.

Dear Zit,

Walking through London the other day I passed the offices of News International and noticed a big neon thing with letters on it. Is this just a sign of The Times?

David.

Gloucester.

Dear Zit,

Justin Fash is dead. It doesn't surprise me. I reckon I'd want to top myself if I had of allegedly shagged Bet Gilroy. I mean I wouldn't fancy going anywhere after Alec would you?

Len Fairclough.

Coronation Street.

Dear Zit,

That Fiona from Corrie should be careful she doesn't get C.J.D. I mean think of all the McDonalds she's had in he gob. I know it's an old joke but do I get a tenner?

Betty.

**Macketts Lane.
Halewood.**

Dear Zit,

What do you call a Pakistani lesbian?

Mingeeeta!

**Roger Waters
London.**

Dear Zit,

It's no good Chris Evans from Virgin radio going gay for a year. As once you had a clenched brickies fist up your arse you can never go back to women.

Frank Shittyhand.

**Northwich.
Cheshire.**

Dear Zit

April Fools Day, what a laugh. A policeman called at my house on April 1st and told me that all my family were hanging on to life by a thread, after a horrid car smash. Imagine my surprise when the ribald copper told me that it was a complete prank and that they had all

been killed instantly. What an April Fool I felt.

Max.

Chester.

Dear Zit,

If Brookie is so real then how come nobody gets their car nicked every five bloody minutes. Or students get their bank cards stolen and are forced to withdraw money. My daddy works hard for my money and it's mummy's car they steal every time. Damn those thieving scouse gits.

Lesley.

Liverpool.

(But only for two more years)

Dear Zit,

Smoking drugs is not big, not clever and not cool.

The Christian Fellowship.

Tamworth.

Dear Zit,

Do all vegetarians smell or is it just my bird?

Kim.

Southampton.

Dear Zit,

On a date the other night a new girlfriend ran out of cash. She asked me to get to 'The Hole In The Wall' with her. Imagine my surprise when she dragged me across a field and pulled a brick out of the wall of an old barn and took out twenty pounds.

Jason.

Suffolk.

Dear Zit,

My wife bought me a large belt with a rooster buckle on it. I asked he why this was, second guessing that it was because I had a big cock. Imagine my surprise when she said that the belt buckle was a tombstone for a dead cock.

Larry.

Coventry.

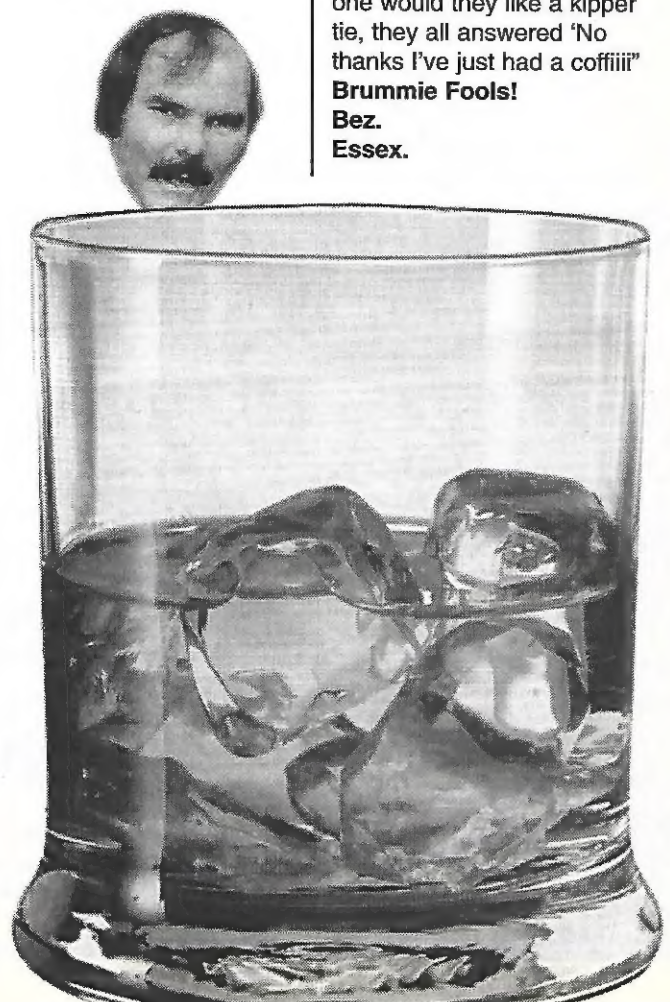
Dear Zit,

Never visit Birmingham and try to sell seventies clothing. I tried to do that just recently and every time I asked someone would they like a kipper tie, they all answered 'No thanks I've just had a coffiiii''

Brummie Fools!

Bez.

Essex.



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SOCCER STAR PIN-UP



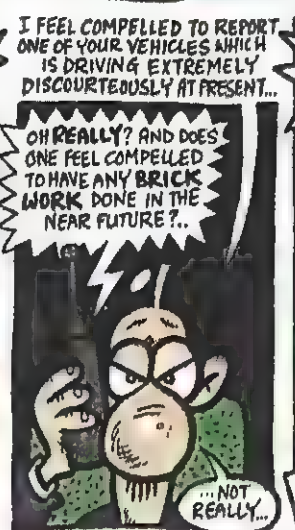
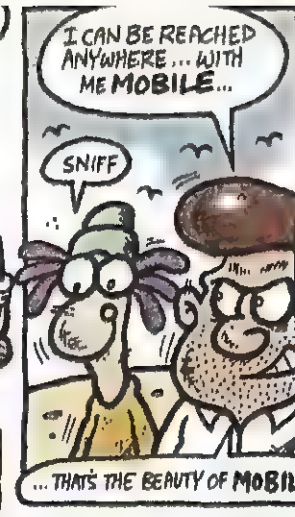
NO.1

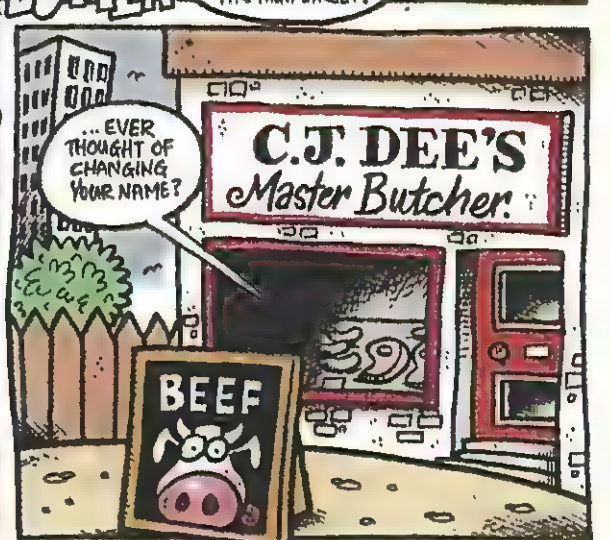
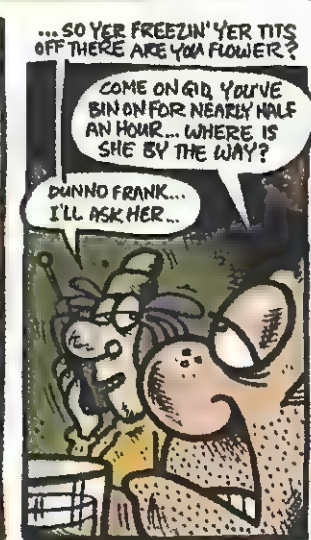
Mark 'sparky' Hughes



When not falling on his arse Chelsea and Wales star Mark enjoys pasta, keeping fit and dressing up as an old Greek woman.

FRANK THE BUILDER





Cock A Doodle

The young fella who can draw with his old fella

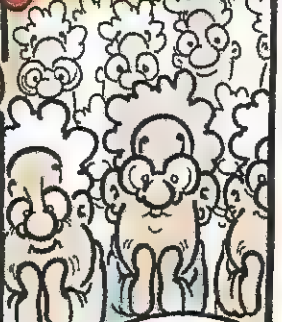
...HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE FIFTEENTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE CRUTCHLEY WOMENS GUILD... AND WHAT A TREAT WE HAVE INSTORE THIS AFTERNOON!



...INDEED IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU MR. RICHARD DOODLE, WHO HAS KINDLY OFFERED TO SHARE HIS TALENT FOR PAINTING WITH US...



CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!



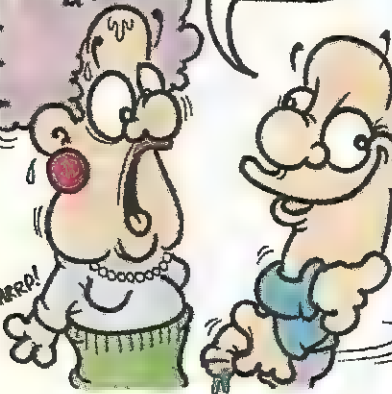
THANK YOU... THANK YOU... I WOULD LIKE TO START THIS AFTERNOON BY PAINTING A SCENE I CALL "SUMMER MEADOW"...



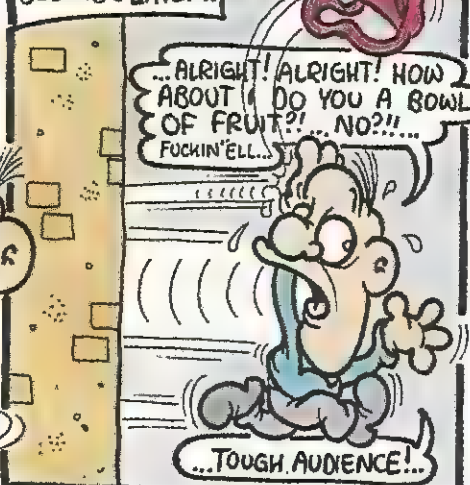
GASP! SHRIEK! GASP!



...SORRY, LUV - I'M GOIN' TO NEED TO STAND ON A STOOL OR SOMETHING SO I CAN DO THE SKY...



SECONDS LATER...



...ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! HOW ABOUT I DO YOU A BOWL OF FRUIT?... NO?!!... FUCHIN'ELL...

...TOUGH AUDIENCE!

LATER...



SIGH... ALL I NEED IS THAT ONE LUCKY BREAK... HELLO, WHAT'S THIS... "SIGNWRITER WANTED"... I COULD DO THAT...

...INTERESTED, LAD?...

...YEAH!...

...SEE WHAT I WANT IS THE WORD 'ANTIQUES' WRITTEN IN BIG NICE LETTERS ALL ACROSS THE WINDOW... AND...



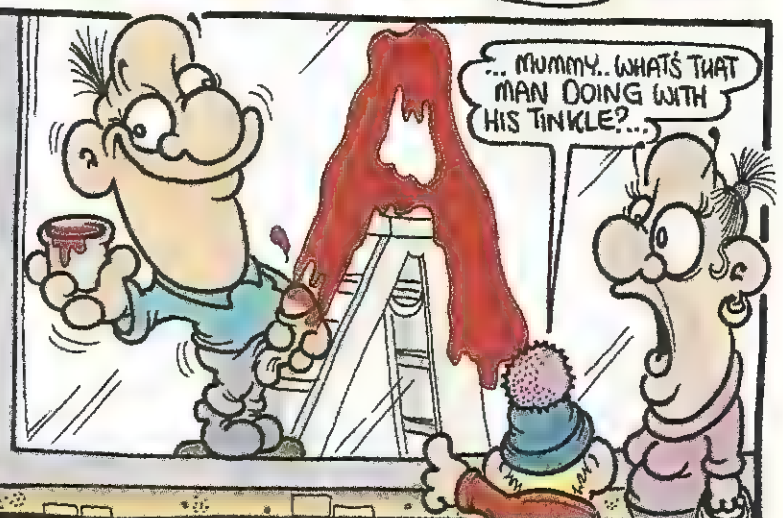
...ANTIQUE SHOP, IS IT?...

...FUNNILY ENOUGH, YEAH...

...HOW MUCH?...

FIFTY QUID...

...YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A SIGNWRITER!!



...MUMMY.. WHAT'S THAT MAN DOING WITH HIS TINKLE?...



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0331 91 0055

I'LL MAKE YOU GUM IN 45 SECONDS
0331 91 0056

LISTEN TO MY SEX SECRETS
0331 91 0057

LESBIAN SEX HEAR THEM DO IT
0331 91 0058

HARDCORE SEX TALK 0331 91 0059

Big Tits

SQUEEZE + SUCK MY LARGE TITS
0331 91 1353

SPLUNK OVER THESE
0331 91 1354

RUB YOUR FACE BETWEEN MY HUGE JUGS
0331 91 1355

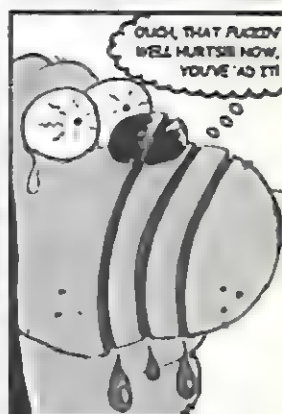
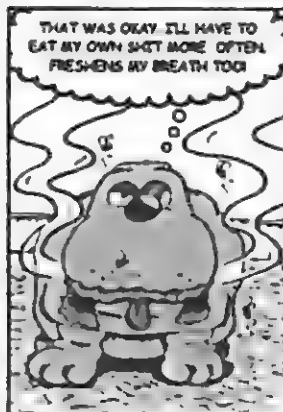
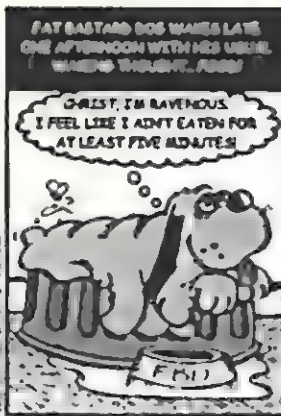
SUCK ON MY MELONS
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With such hot animated action,
I bet you couldn't
handle a blow from her.



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OBSCENE **BBC** STARS MAKE OUR LIFE HELL!

Is this what we pay our licence money for ? ask spinsters



Doris and Nesta Before being harrassed by Todd Carty

A pair of West Lancashire spinsters Doris and Nesta Grimthorpe claim that their lives are being ruined by the obscene antics of stars from the BBC. They claim that as recently as last weekends trip out to Brighton was ruined by filthy behaviour from some of our top telly stars. They claim Todd Carty from the hit show Eastenders and other male stars from the series wandered the pebbled shoreline fiddling with themselves before hurridley, taking out a plastic spade, digging a small hole and ejaculating wildly

They also claim Jill Dando of the top show Crimewatch performed a lesbian orgy with a butch threesome just yards away from them. 'It's not the first time we've been terrorised with rudeness by staff of the B.B.C.' claimed Doris the elder of the two. 'It's been going on for forty years' added Nesta.

They claim that over the past forty years they have been subjected to naughty abuse from B.B.C. staff members cataloguing a list of offences including

. Before his death Harry H Corbett used to shit in newspaper, creep up to the door, light it, ring the bell and run away leaving it outside to be stamped out.

. Only fools and Horses veteran Buster Merriot, would urinate in any window left open by the women. Causing summer after summer of sweltering heat fear and that awful old persons pissy smell.

. Ex B.B.C. Blue Peter presenter Peter Purvess would stand naked and erect in the garden opposite, wearing only a

welders mask. Sticking his finger up his Blue Peter Badge and then popping it into his mouth.

. B.B.C. 2 Shooting Stars resident 'baby drummer' Matt Lucas aka 'George Dawes' would write obscene instructions like 'Smell My Bone' on his chest in lipstick and stand grinning on top of the neighbours hedge.





According to Nesta, Bubbly Babs Winsdor star of Eastenders only stopped cutting out pictures from Dutch hardcore magazines and gluing them on their front wall when the show went three times a week. 'Now she just cuts out reddened fannies and throws them on the path on her day off' alleged Doris. 'The police seem to be powerless,' moaned Doris Nesta recounted a typical incident in the seventies, 'Lesley Judd was painting a huge cock on the front of our house in her own excrement when I called the police. They came around and instead of arresting her as we expected, she showed them how to make a useful waste paper basket out of an old tin of catering beans and some wallpaper. They were oblivious to the eight foot phallic faeces on my front wall.'

Nesta fought back the tears when she recalls how her one time favourite broadcaster,

Terry Wogan farted through the central heating air duct directly into the living room for eight days solid. Only stopping when he had to rush to Dublin to present Eurovision.

The Duty Officer at the B.B.C. refused to comment. A spokesman for Halifax Police confirmed the sisters had made several complaints but refused to give any clues on any imminent arrests. However, the sisters remain surprisingly up beat about the whole affair. 'It's not all bad' confided Nesta. 'I mean it's not every day you get a naked John Nettles masturbating into the grass box of your lawn mower is it?'



ITV set to hit back in obscenity war claims drunk researcher.

A drunken researcher who claims that ITV are seething at the march stolen upon them by the Beeb, have secret plans to launch a campaign of obscenity to rival anything 'Those bastards can come up with.' Plans to harass members of the public with disgusting acts by top stars are currently under way. Top ITV bosses have allegedly signed up 'Barrymore' to sodomise young consenting homosexuals whilst outrageously dressed as a young Anita Harris complete with exaggerated faux beauty spot on public roundabouts along the A1. The KY roadshow will target commuters on the way to and from work. Funnyman Jim 'nick nick' Davidson is believed to be negotiating a price to drop buckets of chip fat and sick through the sunroofs of motorists at the notoriously slow spaghetti junction. Jim famed for his bed 'em Wed 'em and Divorce 'em and sell your story to the News Of The World 'em lifestyle, offered to write an obscene version of Cinderella and perform it live from a cemetery but ITV officials thought it had already been done. Several top stars have already declined huge contracts. We understand male Coronation Street regulars have declined an offer to dribble semen from motorway bridges on cars travelling the busy M62 through Manchester. Apparently Des Barnes was up for it but Mike Baldwin wanted too much money. A sponsored 'shit on a glass table' in the prestigious Meadowhall shopping complex has been turned down by the staff of News At Ten. Although alcoholic 'Boon' star Michael Elphick is rumoured to be considering an offer to tip out used condoms on Japanese visitors to London Bridge, The Tower of London and Marble Arch.

A spokesman for ITN refused to comment on any of the above. The researcher was left in the pub after offering everyone blow jobs for a fiver. Her eyes were pinned and it's a good thing she had her shades on.

Do you have a famous celeb hassling you?

As soon as you hang out your washing does Ken Dodd wipe his arse on it?

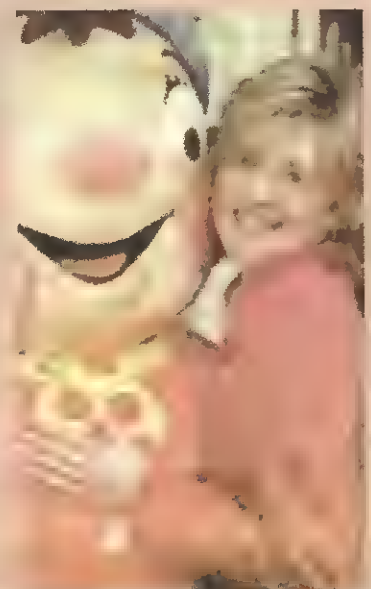
Can you not go out to the pub without Christopher Biggins rubbing a finger with that 'Beefy' Arse smell on it under your nose? Do you return home to find a heavily lubricated David Hasslehoff in nipple clamps lying across your front door? Are you greeted upon returning home from work by a incoherent Anthea Turner in a rubber dress blocking your keyhole with knicker fudge? If you do write in and tell us.

Send your examples of celebrity hassle to:

'I'm being obscenely hounded by a celeb.'

Zit

Big Mags Regent House Hove, East Sussex.





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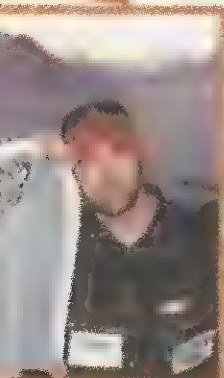
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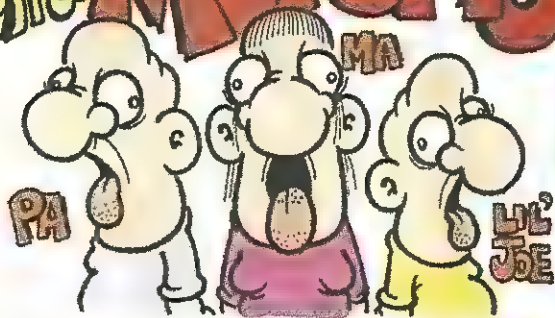
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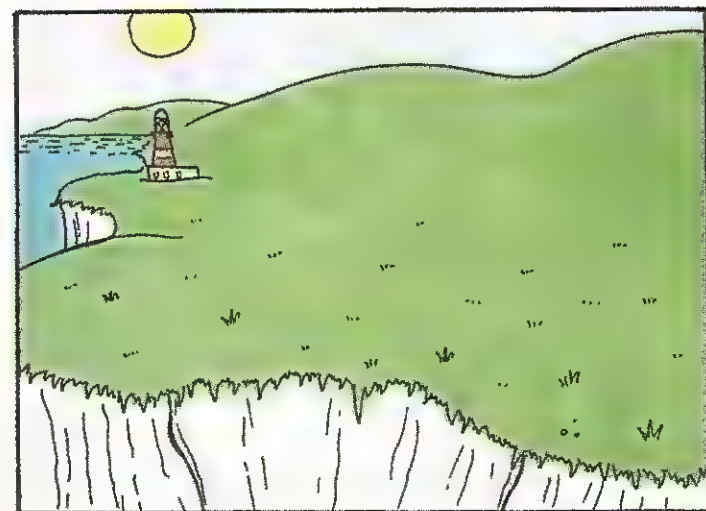
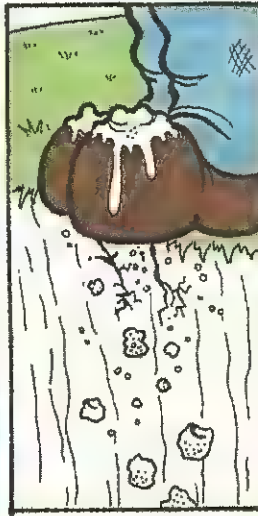
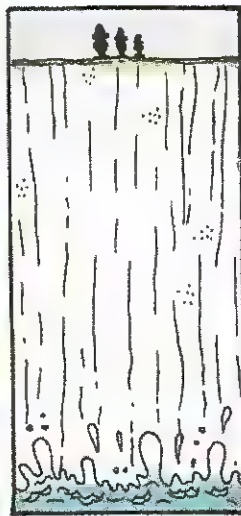
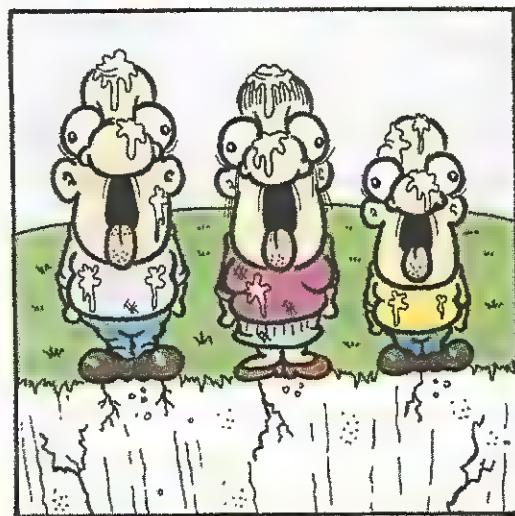
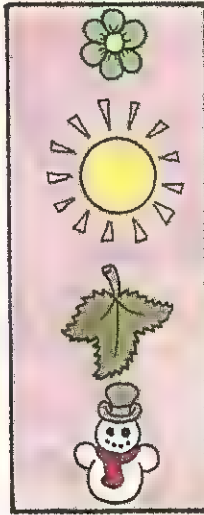
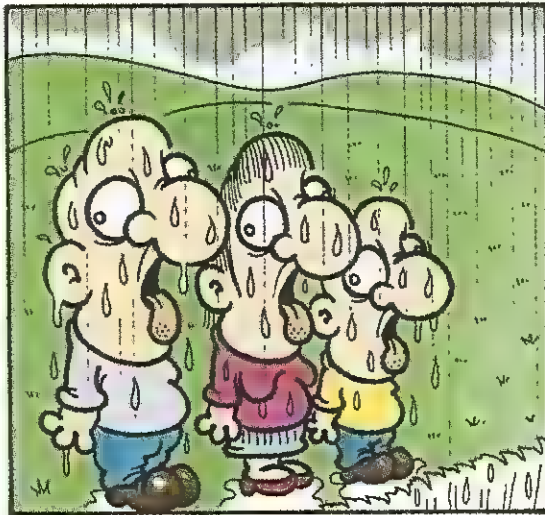
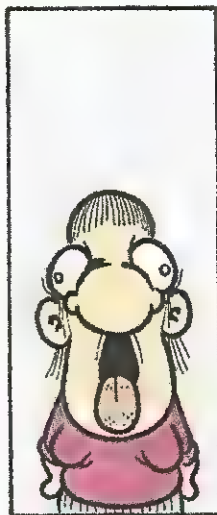
built in the
extreme

The Morons

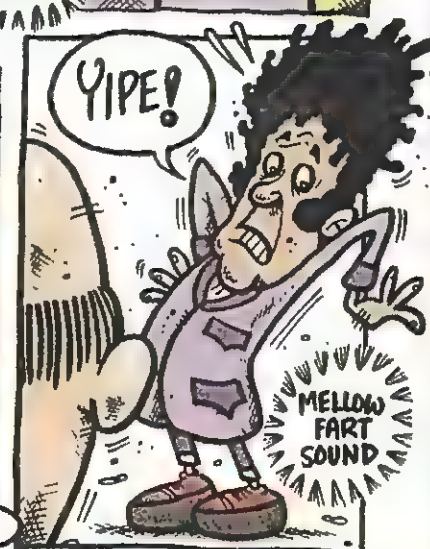
...THE MORONS ARE VISITING BEACHY HEAD.



The Morons are a very special family



The stalking of an OLD MAD TED

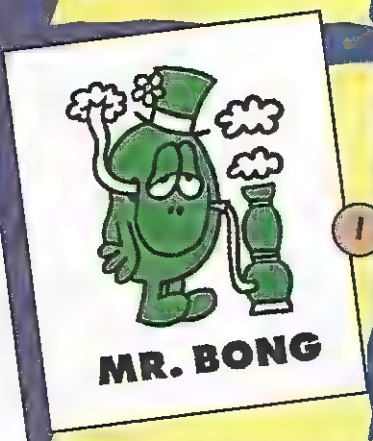
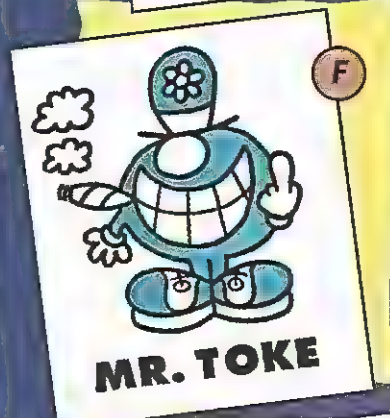
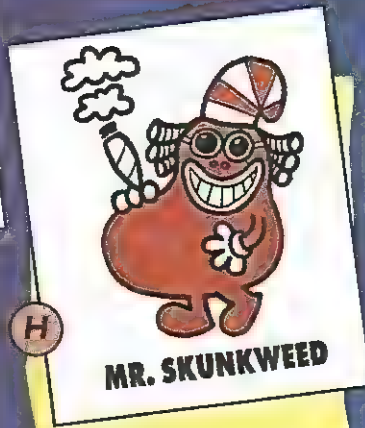
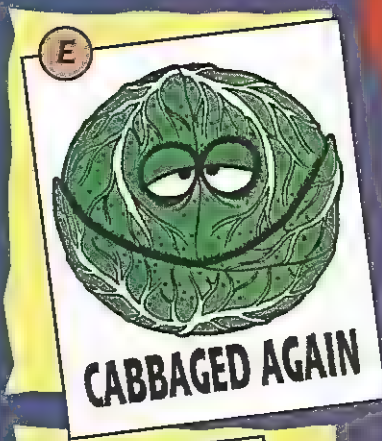


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APOLLO

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Apollo

Zit's Fan-fuckin'-rific World Cup ACTION Game

You'll think that you're trapped in an exciting dream, we personally guarantee it! Somehow, somehow, for some reason...

We have managed to combine the white-hot, bowel trembling thrills of a World Cup Final, with the ice cold, arse blocking dullness of throwing a dice and shoving a chocolate button around on a piece of paper - *and it's not half bad kid!*

For maximum enjoyment, why not imagine that you're Bobby Moore (not in his current state obviously, but back in his 66-72 prime), as you roll the small, numbered cube dramatically out of your hand and onto a table. Look at the person you are playing, why, if you squint hard, from a certain angle, could that person not be... Frank Beckenbaur, Das Kaiser?. Or maybe

they're more like Socrates, the ace Brazilian doctor/centre half who got through sixty cigarettes a day.

WARNING: If whilst playing the game, you experience severe dizziness and tunnel vision, don't worry. This is caused by your terrified brain switching off parts of your central nervous system so as to avoid an excitement overload. This would be a good time to have a wank, as your left arm will possibly become numb (it feels like someone else!)

So, read through the rules, flip over the page and drop your trousers... it's the most fun you can have without wearing a hairy glove.

► *Why not add to the atmosphere by cutting out this Dennis Norden referee and his tiny linesmen, and placing them on/or adjacent to the pitch?*



► *...On second thoughts, if you did that you'd cut up half the fucking game board... Ignore everything I just said*



YOU WILL NEED:

- 1 Dice.
- 1 Chocolate button.

I AM
DENNIS
NORDEN



HOW TO PLAY:

Place your chocolate button on the centre spot and toss up for kick off and choice of ends.

GENERAL PLAY:

The player kicking off now rolls the dice and heads off towards his opponents goal. He continues to play until he lands on a red T or tackle box.

Now brace yourself, it's time to tackle!!

The **defending** player now rolls the dice with the following possible outcomes:

- Throw a 1. - Scything crop - Free kick given away!
- Throw a 2. - Clean tackle - Possession nabbed!
- Throw a 3. - Clumsy tackle - Defender beaten!
- Throw a 4. - Brutal tackle (but ref missed it) - possession nabbed!
- Throw a 5. - Nutmegged and made to look a cunt!
- Throw a 6. - Retaliation to high elbow by attacking player - Free kick won!

Should a **Free kick** be won by either player, he throws the dice and moves forward **Double** the amount rolled.

Should the defender win **possession**, he now takes control of the dice and heads off towards his opponents goal.

If a player lands on a special pink '**Sacre Bleu!**' box, he simply follows the instructions attached to it.

GOALS:

You can score a goal in one of two ways:

1. By landing **directly** on the yellow **Goal** box just behind the blue G or **Goalkeeper** box.

Should the attacking player 'overshoot' the goal (throw a 5 when he only needs a 4 for example) the defending player restarts the game with a **Goal kick** (see Goal kick section below) from the Goalkeeper box.

2. By landing directly on the blue **Goalkeeper** box. If this is the case, the **attacking** player throws the dice again with one of the following outcomes:

- Throw a 1. - Hurrah. It's a goal.
- Throw a 2. - Saved.
- Throw a 3. - Hurrah. It's a goal.
- Throw a 4. - Saved.
- Throw a 5. - Hurrah. It's a goal.
- Throw a 6. - Saved.

GOAL KICKS:

Goal kicks occur when either an attacking player overshoots the goalkeeper or his shot is saved.

The defender places the chocolate button on the goalkeeper box and rolls the dice, multiplying the amount rolled by **ten**.

If the ball remains in his own half, possession is **retained**. If it lands in the opponents half, possession is **given away**.

That's about it boss. Enjoy.



FREE FOOTY GAME

FRANK

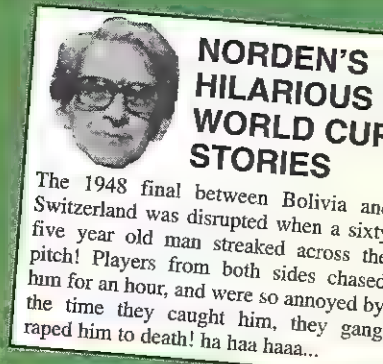


NORDEN'S HILARIOUS WORLD CUP STORIES

Stefan Cakflost, the Swedish goalie has terrible memories of the 1976 final - the poor slag died in it! Leaping for an inswinging corner, he landed awkwardly on his left hand. A stretcher was summoned, and the huge swede lowered his blonde body onto it. But what do you think happened? That's right, he bounced right off it, out of the stadium. He landed a mile away in the 'junkie' district where he was given instant AIDs and died, ha haa haaa...



Hello, I'm Dennis Norden and I'm on ITV, hosting the hilarious Holidays usually... They're a snazzers and what I hilariously been doing it for ever now - out. But I'm not going to. Not no

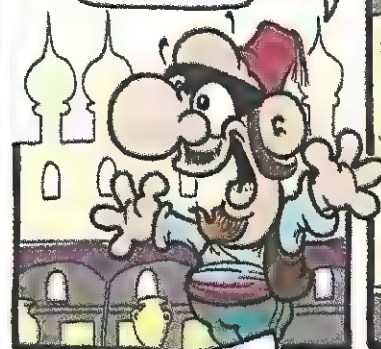


"I'll be refereeing the match. Perhaps you've been on 'It'll be Alright on the Night' shows. X-mas Bank Holiday is a splitting collection of bloopers, gaffes, goofs, and refer to as 'cock ups' of other TV shows. I've said I know, nobody likes me. They all wish I'd die now, not ever, ha ha ha ha ha."



Ali Baba and his Farty Thieves

A THOUSAND GREETINGS! I AM ALI BABA, THE MOST CELEBRATED THIEF IN ALL PERSIA. JOIN ME TONIGHT IN THE MOST DARING ROBBERY OF MY ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER!...



...HIGH IN THIS MOST SPLENDID PALACE SLEEPS MUSTAPHA PILE, THE RICHEST MAN IN ALL ISTANBUL....



...A MAN WHO SLUMBERS BESIDE A CASKET FILLED WITH GOLD AND PRECIOUS TREASURES, BUT TONIGHT MY TRUSTED ACCOMPLICES AND I WILL....



WHO DID THAT?!...

WOT?...

...THAT!!...IT FUCKIN' STINKS!!...

...I CAN'T SMELL ANYTHING...

...FUCKS SAKE... GET THE FRIGGIN' LADDER, WILL YOU...

AND..

..ASCEND SPEEDILY, MY TRUSTED FRIENDS....



AS THE VELVET BLANKET OF NIGHT CONCEALS OUR SHENANIGANS...



YOU ALRIGHT, AL?...



BEFORE LONG...

ZZZZZZ...PHACK!
ZZZZZZZZZZ...

THANK FUCK FOR THAT... THE FAT BITCH IS ASLEEP...

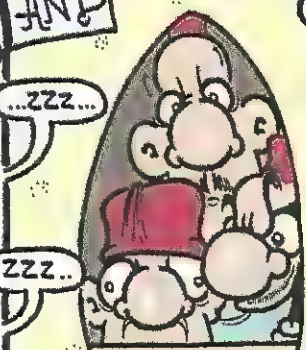


...NOW I CAN GET SOME KIP IN PEACE....

AND

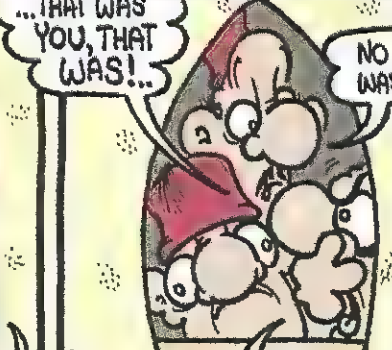
...ZZZ...

ZZZ..



..HAH! HAAH! SEE HOW THEY SNORE! BUSSEFULLY UNAWARE OF THE FATE THAT BEFALLS THEIR....

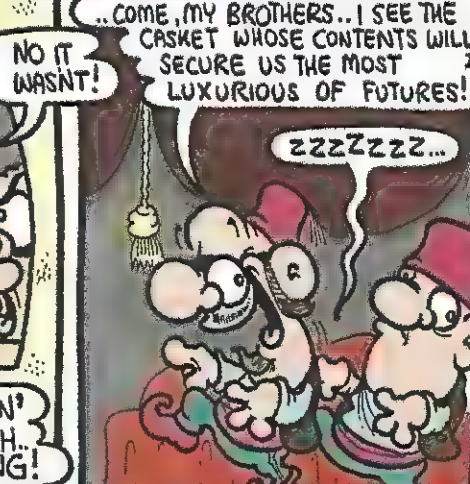
...THAT WAS YOU, THAT WAS!...



YES IT WAS, I FUCKIN' HEARD YOU! EURRGH.. THAT'S DISGUSTING!

NO IT WASN'T!

..COME, MY BROTHERS.. I SEE THE CASKET WHOSE CONTENTS WILL SECURE US THE MOST LUXURIOUS OF FUTURES!



ZZZZZZZZ...

MEANWHILE...

OH MUSTAPHA! COME TO BED... I HAVE AN ENORMOUS WELL OF LOVE WAITING FOR YOU!...

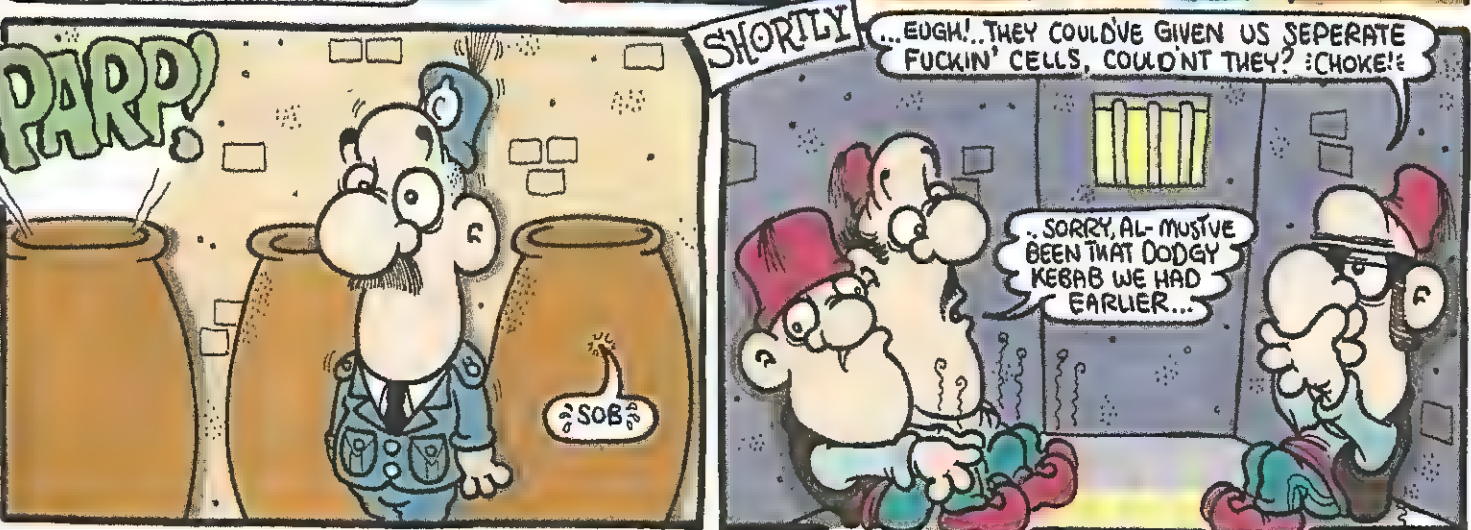
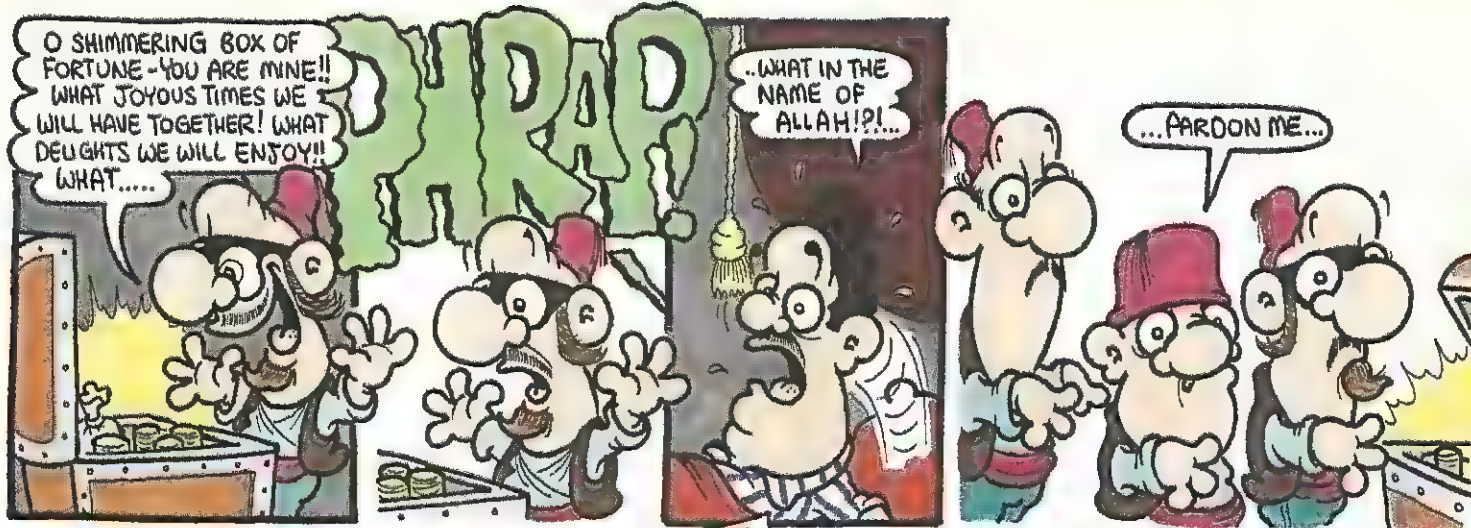


..FUCK... ALAS... I CANNOT DIP MY BUCKET TONIGHT, MY PISTACHIO.. I HAVE TO COUNT MY ENORMOUS WEALTH....



BUGGER...

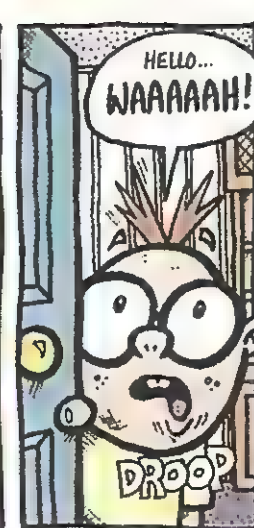
...YOU'D BEST GET OFF TO SLEEP, EH LOVE...



There's no one quite like...
GRANDMA



KNOCK KNOCK



HELLO...
WAAAAAH!



GRAB

HAS MY FAVOURITE GRANDSON GOT A KISS FOR HIS GRANNY?... COURSE HE HAS!

SLURP



COUGH! SPLUTTER! GOOD GRIEF GRANDMA, DO YOU HAVE TO USE TONGUES?

NEVER MIND THAT PETAL... WHERE'S YOUR MUM AND DAD?

THEY'VE GONE SHOPPING (GAG) THEY WON'T BE LONG



GONE SHOPPING? GONE SHOPPING? WELL FISH AND TISH! WHAT SORT OF PARENT LEAVES THEIR CHILDREN ON THEIR OWN IN THIS DAY AND AGE? IT'S A DISGRACE IT TELLS YER, A DISGRACE!

RATTLE



STILL! NOT TO WORRY, GRANDMA'S HERE TO PROTECT YOU NOW... AND LOOK, I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PREZZY...

CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS?



...THAT'S RIGHT, IT'S YOUR FAVOURITE, A LOVELY BIG WRAP OF HEROIN... NOW ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE AND MAKE THE MOST OF IT... THIS ONE MIGHT BE A FREEBIE, BUT IT'S FULL WHACK IN FUTURE!

FICK

BUT GRANDMA, THE LAST TIME YOU GAVE ME HEROIN I WAS IN A COMA FOR THREE MONTHS, I LOST 12% OF MY BRAIN!



HMMMMMM... IN THAT CASE...



HOW ABOUT A NICE BAG OF CRACK?... THAT'S WHAT YOU YOUNG UNS ARE ALL INTO THESE DAYS ISN'T IT?

I'D RATHER HAVE SOME JELLY BABIES

OH, I'VE GOT JELLIES BABY!



...JELLIES, 'Eg, WHIZZ, UPPERS, DOWNERS, COKE, PROZAC, METHADONE, TRIPS, POPPERS, Mescaline...

...OR WOULD YOU PREFER SOME BLOW? I'VE GOT LEB, ROCKY, SKUNK, OPIUM LACED BLACK, HASH OIL, THAI STICK, EXPLODER, FORMULA, ACAPULCO GOLD...



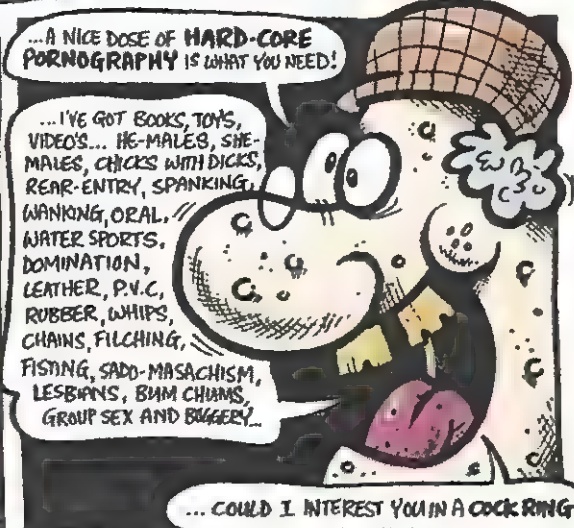
NO! NO! NO! NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE GRANDMA! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!

CRACK

...FOR THE LAST TIME, I DON'T WANT ANY DRUGS!!



SNIFF, YOU'RE RIGHT OF COURSE, NARCOTICS ARE NO SORT OF PRESENT FOR AN EIGHT YEAR OLD...



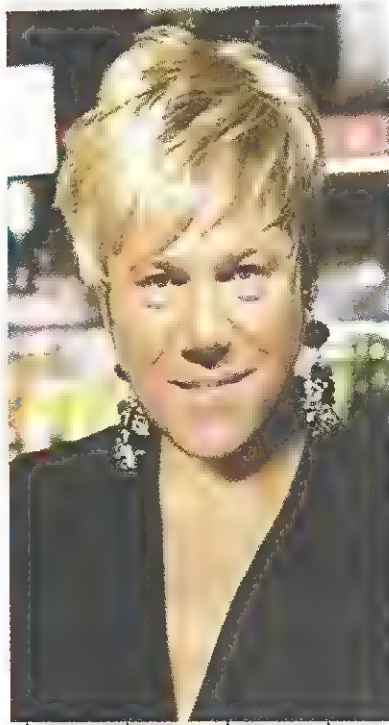
...A NICE DOSE OF HARD-CORE PORNOGRAPHY IS WHAT YOU NEED!

...I'VE GOT BOOKS, TOYS, VIDEOS... HE-MALES, SHE-MALES, CHICKS WITH DICKS, REAR-ENTRY, SPANKING, WANKING, ORAL, WATER SPORTS, DOMINATION, LEATHER, P.V.C, RUBBER, WHIPS, CHAINS, FILCHING, FISTING, SADO-MASACHISM, LESBIANS, BUM CHAMS, GROUP SEX AND BUGGERY...

... COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A COCK RING

Exposed...

Telly stars really TV trannies



TRANNNY

Top London crimper and monkey shagger Vidal Baboon, claims that he has a host of top male telly stars that like to come to his salon as respectable television stalwarts and leave as TV Trannies with false tits and girly hairdos.

Vidal, who has fallen from favour with the showbiz world after revelations and claims that no fewer than six top stars came every thursday to get 'glammed up' and go on the pull.

FANNY

First through the thick glass doors of his salon was a somewhat brash Betty Forsyth,

claims Vidal. 'Betty said, he was fed up with his beautiful wife Winella getting all the admiring glances.'

JUICY

'Give me a bob and leave the moustache,' Betty always demanded. He sent one of my girls out to buy some clothes and he left wearing a blue silk dress and a fetching pink jacket 'As a special Betty bonus I waxed his legs and bikini line, although it was more like a bikini paragraph.' Vidal sighed as he fondled a docile ape.

BRUCIE

Top world cup commentator Deborah Lynam was another regular through

Vidal's door. 'Oh Debs was such a fusspot, turn me into a beautiful lady he'd say. He'd insist on a very summery blonde look and would get very,

DEB

very upset if we got his fringe wrong. The only drawback was that when he has a commentary job that afternoon he'd have to be very careful not to get lipstick in his tash. Last year I recall him commetating on the FACup fourth round with one pearl earring and a trace of Kinebo bambi beige blusher on his left cheek. Rumour has it that Ray Wilkins

TV's of TV.

claims top hairdresser.....



offered to wank him

LES

off into an empty Holland's foil pie dish but Des although flattered declined.' 'Another regular was daytime TV talk show host Rachel Kilroy Silk. Kilroy known for his no nonsense style insisted on a manageable cut that he could wear his favourite black dress with,' confided the sad crimper. Two of Vidals top

PANTIES

clients were tough talking presenters Tina McDonald and Brenda



Waldren. 'They'd have no messing from anyone,' recounted Vidal. 'Brenda Waldren especially.' Many a time she would have the girl shampooing his hair in tears with his no nonsense tough interviewing style. We had to give him a Dierdre from Coronation Street perm.

SPONK

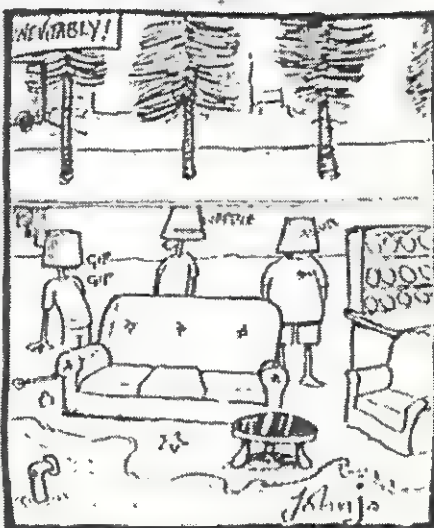
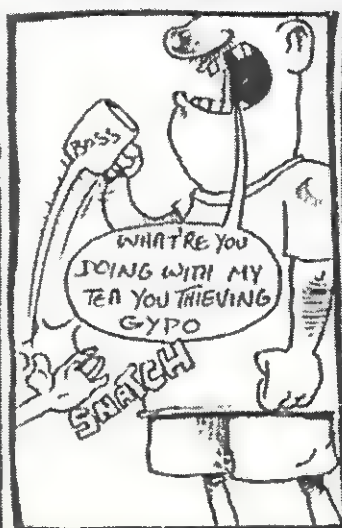
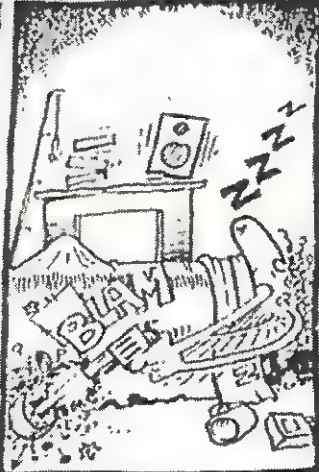
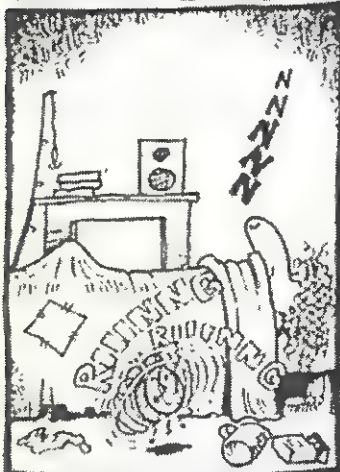
He'd bring his own clothes and got the style remarkably close to that of the turkey-necked, bubble-permed, thrice-married, recently-jailed, and released big-eyed soap star. One tough customer who showed us



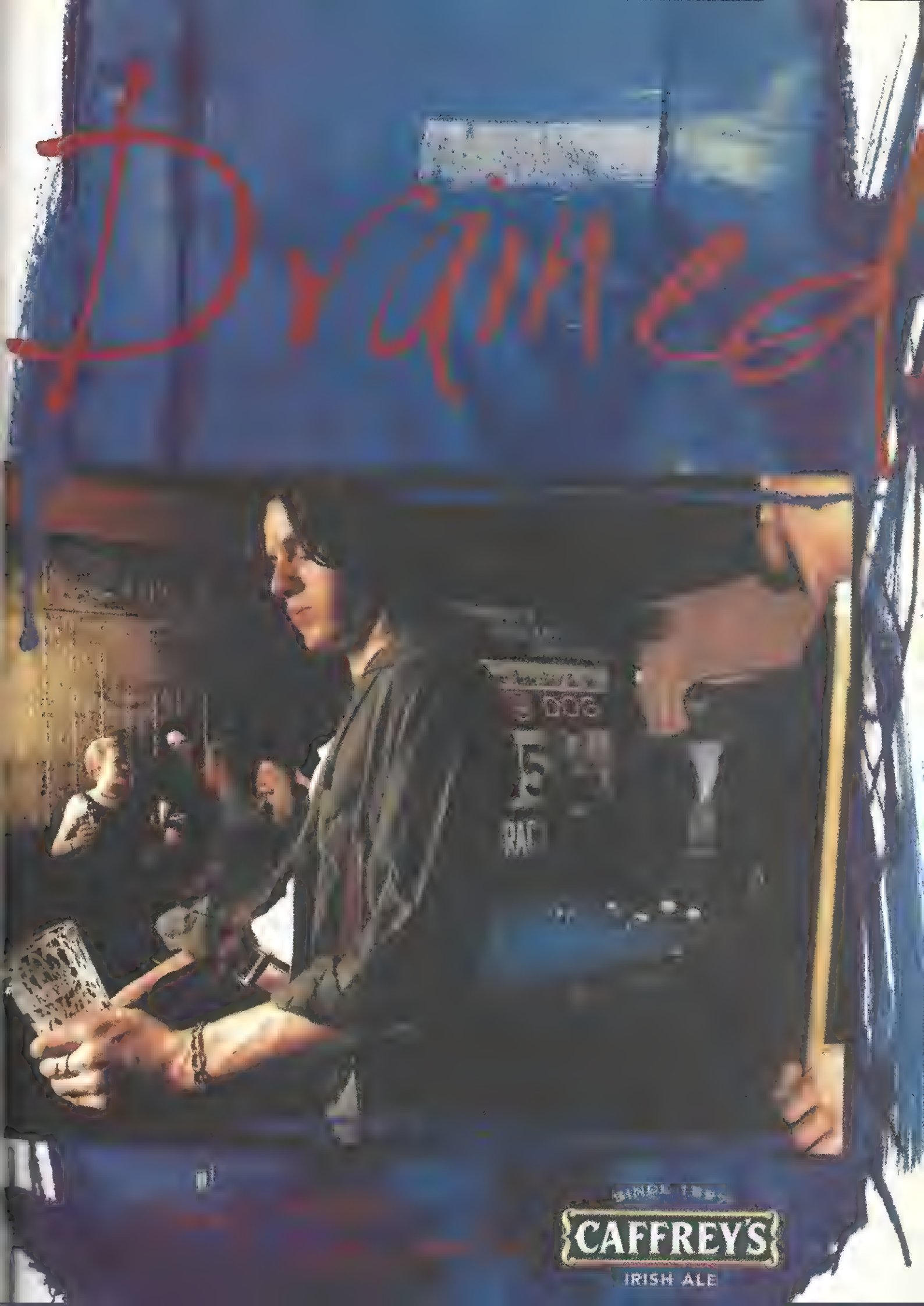
a heart of gold was BBC newscaster Patricia Sissons. He was really nice, not anything like the miserable facade he portrays on the television. Patricia insisted we gave her the Sharon from Eastenders look you know something he could wear a nice pair of floppy earrings with. He spent one afternoon in here fully made up singing cockney songs and swigging gin. Now it's all over and I'm skint' sobbed a broken hairdresser. 'All I've got left is a pregnant monkey and my memories.'



THE DODGEY BROTHERS.



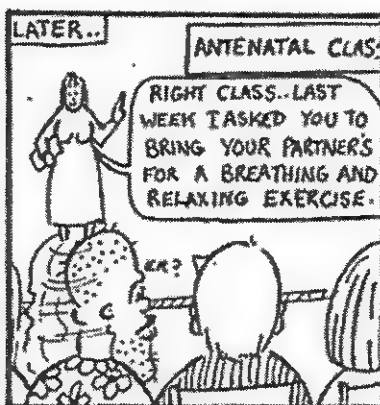
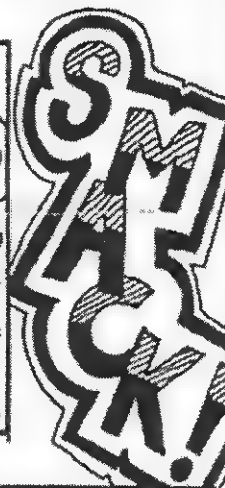
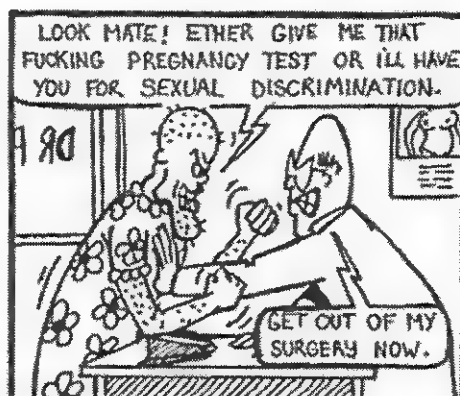
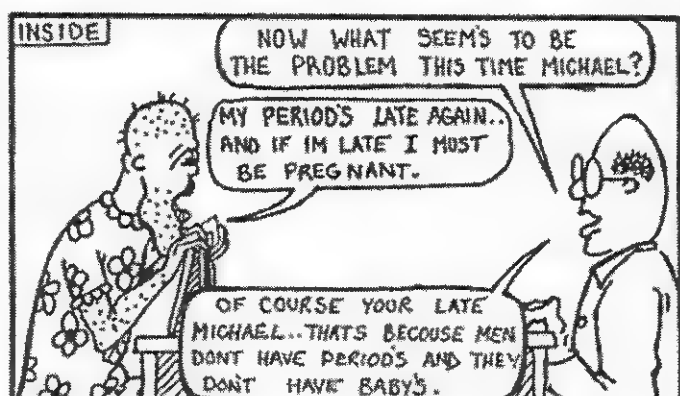
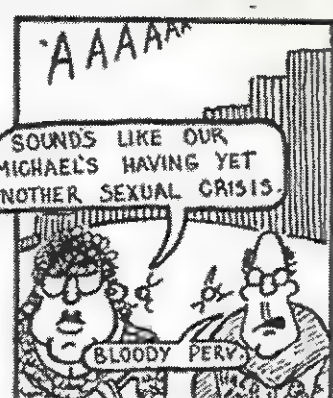
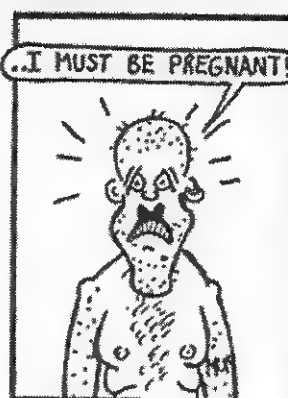
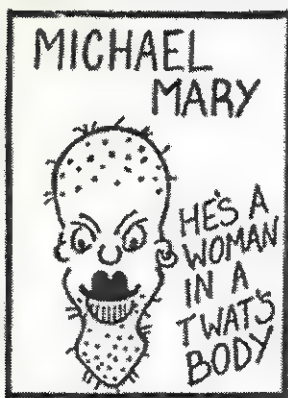
Johnja



DYMED

DOG
15
RAC

SINCE 1895
CAFFREY'S
IRISH ALE



**AT LAST!
THE CELEBRITY
AUTOBIOGRAPHY THAT
THE HILARIOUS CHEFS ON
'CAN'T COOK, WON'T
COOK' HAVE ALL
BEEN WAITING FOR
YEARS FOR**

TODD (PETER "TUCKER" JENKINS OFF
GRANGE HILL 1977-82 / MARK 'DEAD MEAT'
FOWLER OFF EASTENDERS) **CARTY**



The story that we simply **HAD** to have told to us. The story of how a young lad from the seventies, became part of seventies TV history by playing a badly behaved child in...**GRANGE HILL!**

Then, somehow, he found his way onto the **EASTENDER** scene, as an actor like. His tragic role - that of Fowler, Mark, the fatally doomed HIV greengrocer.

Todd will explain how it feels to know that one day, one day soon, he's going to have to start pretending to die in agony six days a week for months, years maybe (Strangely, this is rather amusing)!

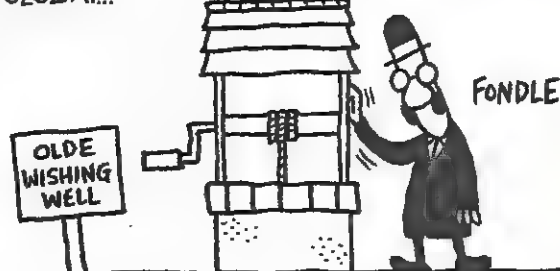
**IF YOU LIKE TODD CARTY.
YOU'LL LIKE THIS BOOK.
BECAUSE IT'S
ABOUT TODD CARTY.**

The peculiar world of MR. HARGREAVES

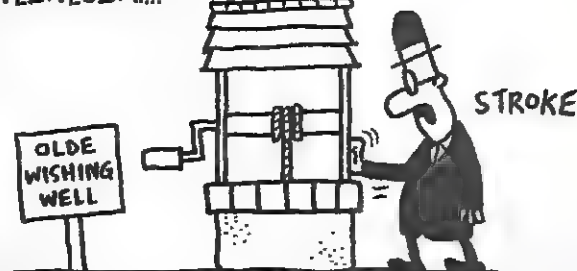
MONDAY...



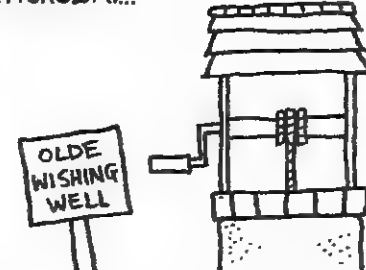
TUESDAY...



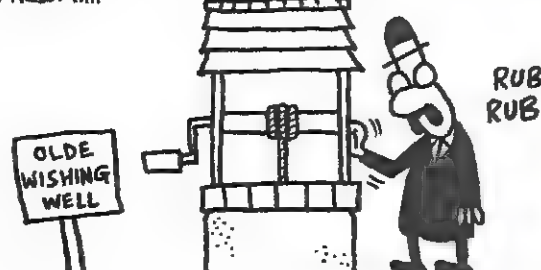
WEDNESDAY...



THURSDAY...



FRIDAY...



ON THURSDAY, MR. HARGREAVES
DIDN'T FEEL WELL

WHAT A PILE OF SHIT!

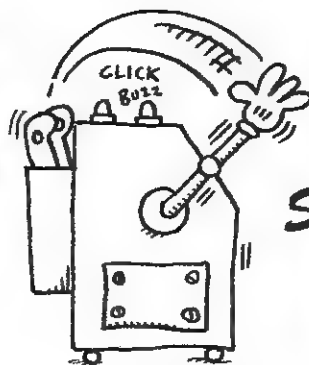
NORWICH MAN COLLECTS HIS OWN TURDS FOR PAST FORTY YEARS.

EXCLUSIVE

Norwich Pig farmer Ivor Stool has broken all records by collecting every shit he has had in the past forty years. Ivor who bakes the wayward turds in his oven, started when he read somewhere that a German postal worker had entered the record books for keeping a vat of piss in his back garden. "Next, slavered Ivor, I'm going to collect all my sponk in a Hienz Ploughmans Pickle Jar."

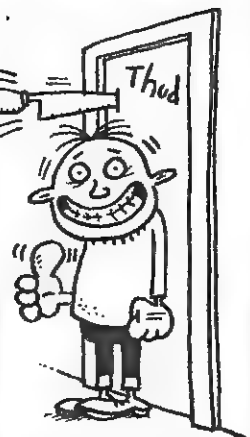


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Ahhh, the unmistakable sounds of large knives thumping into a target against which you are stood, mere inches from your soft, pink, all too easily punctured face.

Yes, there's nothing that we all love more than being dragged up on stage by a knife thrower's assistant and used as a prop in his 'act'. But how often does it *actually* happen to us? Once, maybe twice a week? It's not good enough. In fact it's piss.

I want more. *Need* more. *You* need more. All the people out there, on the streets, in the avenues and alleyways, they *also* need more!

Now, because of the **SUPERB NEW KNIFE HANDLER**, we can all have the more that we so badly do find ourselves needing - YES!

Come along friend, subscribe to **ZIT** and soon, you, like me, will be loading a twelve inch bread knife into **SUPERB NEW KNIFE HANDLER's** grasp, standing in front of the kitchen door, and via the gift of remote control, firing a deadly shaft of cold steel at a point just slightly to one side of your head. Or above. Or two inches from the tip of your quivering cock!

*While stocks last.

Feel profoundly relaxed in minutes – with the NEW MindLab Orion

Tune in and turn on to shut out everyday pressures – and unleash the natural resources of your mind – writes Chris Payne

Dazzling patterns of colour swirled in front of my closed eyes, and gyrating shapes soared across my visual field as hypnotic rhythmic tones caressed my ears.

All I'd done was put on the liteframes and headphones, pressed a few buttons on the MindLab Orion's compact console and lay back with my eyes closed.

As the patterns and sounds slowed down I felt my mind sink deeper and deeper, and it seemed as if I was rolling back through space.

Clear your mind in minutes

Ten minutes later I re-emerged – relaxed, alert and with no mind chatter. The serene state lasted for the next two hours. This was my first experience of using the remarkable MindLab Orion.

It may at first sound like a way out Spielberg creation, but the MindLab Orion is far from science fiction. This is science fact, tried and tested to help you cope with life's stresses and strains.

Using light and sound patterns matched to your own natural rhythm, the machine can induce a state of relaxation, and even aid learning.

Far from being futuristic, the MindLab Orion is based on ancient techniques blended with sophisticated technology.

In 2000BC Ptolemy noted that sunlight flickering through the spokes of a rotating wheel caused fascinating visual patterns and a feeling of euphoria.

UK research validates the technology

Then in the late 1940s a British neuroscientist, W. Gray Walter, measured the effects of an electronic strobe using an EEG, which monitors brainwave activity.

He found that rhythmic, flashing lights altered activity across the whole cortex, producing trance-like states of profound relaxation and vivid imagery.

Since then, a series of independent studies have confirmed Walter's findings. Research now suggests that machines using light and sound can dramatically reduce stress.

Change mental states easily

Benefits include deep relaxation within minutes, improved learning ability and enjoyment of music, increased alertness, enhanced ability to visualise new goals, and better sleep at night.

The user of the MindLab Orion chooses the state of consciousness that he or she wishes to obtain, and is lulled by a rainbow array of colours and rhythms into the chosen state of awareness.

Just press a few buttons and you can choose to relax, sleep, visualise, energise or learn. Lie back, close your eyes and let the kaleidoscopic light patterns and rhythmic tones gradually shift your consciousness.

The press raved about the original MindLab

"The MindLab has received rave reviews from both the scientific community and the public... After a few minutes the



dazzling spectacle winds down into a deeper state of consciousness." – *New Scotsman*

"The systems reliably produce visual effects and relaxation... the experience resembles the closing sequences of 2001: A Space Odyssey." – *New Scientist*

"The MindLab produces a feeling of total inner calm where once there was chaos. The technology of tomorrow really is with us today." – *Fit Body magazine*

"The machine really does need to be experienced to be believed." – *Computer Life*

"The MindLab gives you hundreds of different methods, via amazing sounds, music and light displays, of achieving Nirvana." – *London Evening Standard*

"The MindLab really works!" – *Ms London*

Here's what the testers said on Hot Gadgets!

Said tester Anuj Naylor on BBC1's Hot Gadgets: "I thought the MindLab Orion was a top gadget. I felt perky and alert. The first program I tried was the sleep one. I went into the deepest sleep in ages. I was so late for work the next day."

James Mayor, a medical student, commented "I feel quite relaxed. That exam: sorted!"

Find out why thousands of people in the UK and one million worldwide are using this technology – ring 01625 502602 for your FREE brochure TODAY!



LifeTOOLS

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Freeport SK1852
Macclesfield
SK10 2YE
Tel: 01625 502602
(manned 24 hours, 7 days a week)

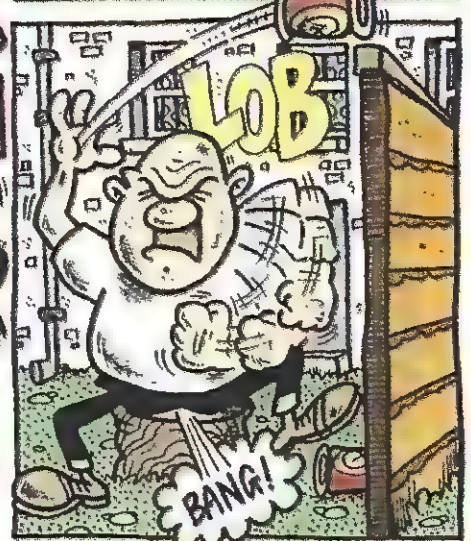
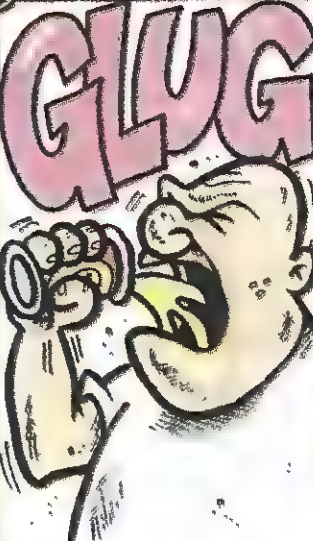
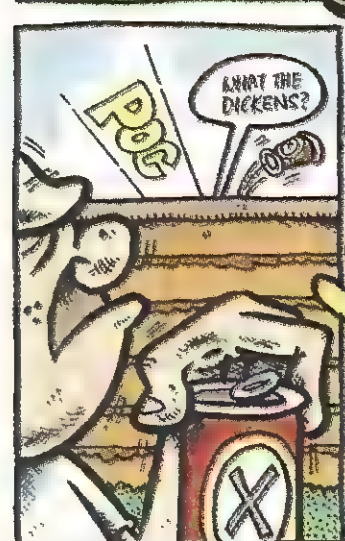
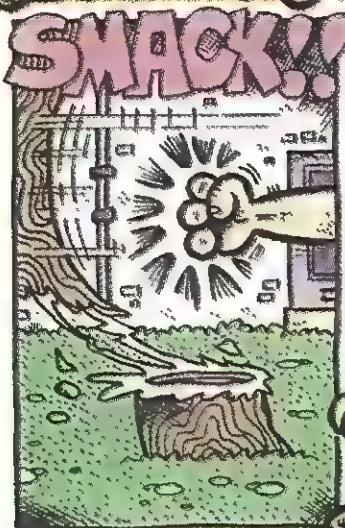
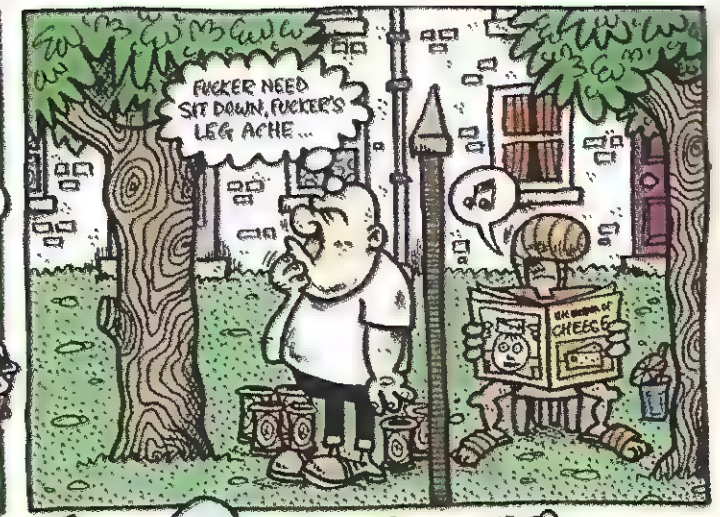
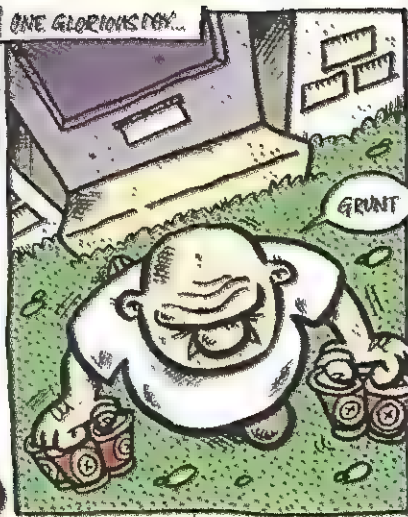
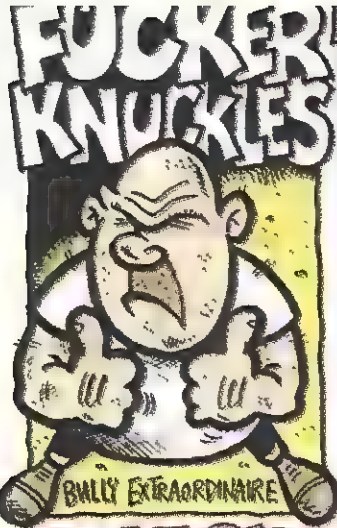
Yes! Please send me a FREE MindLab Orion brochure

Name (Mr, Mrs, Miss etc.)

Address

Postcode

Home tel. no.



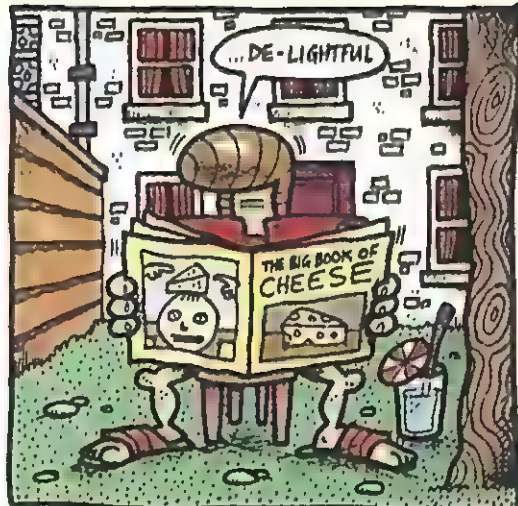


ONE GLORIOUS DAY...

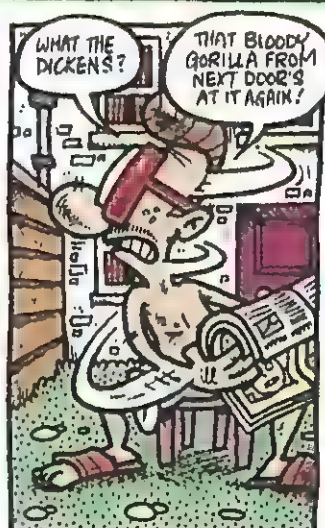
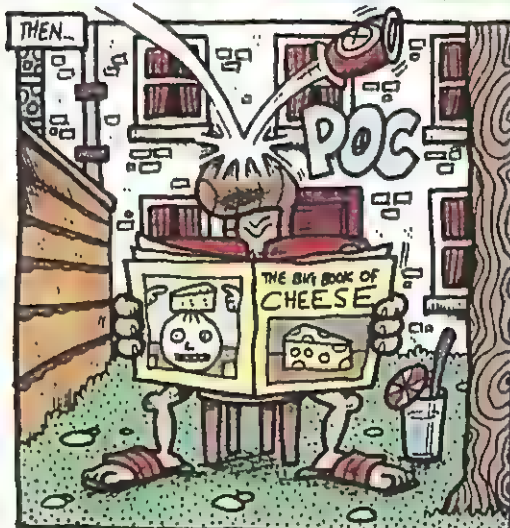


WHAT A GLORIOUS DAY...
A DAY OFF WORK... THE WIFE
OUT BADGER BAITING AND
NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY...

...NOTHING TO DO
AND ALL DAY TO DO
IT IN...



...DE-LIGHTFUL

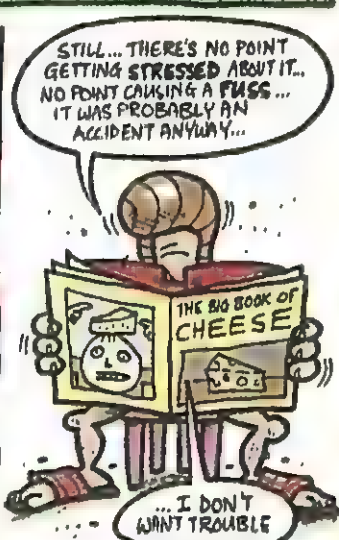


WHAT THE
DICKENS?

THAT BLOODY
GORILLA FROM
NEXT DOOR'S
AT IT AGAIN!



EVERY TIME I GET A BIT OF
PEACE AND QUIET, A BIT OF
RELAXATION, A SMALL BREAK
FROM THE COW'S ARSE WHICH
IS MY MISERABLE DAILY LIFE
... THAT TWAT TURNS UP TO
PSS ON MY PATHETIC CHIPS!

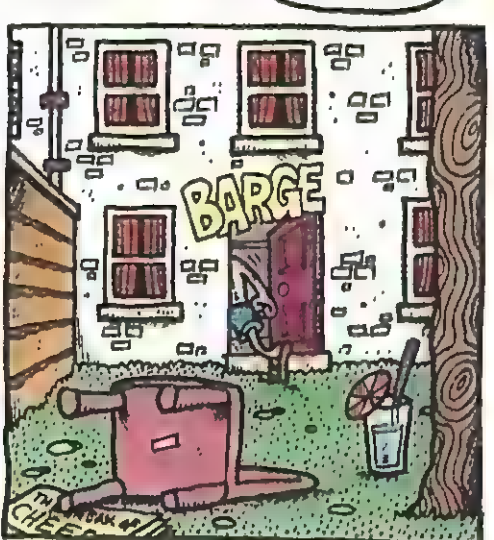


STILL... THERE'S NO POINT
GETTING STRESSED ABOUT IT...
NO POINT CAUSING A FUSS...
IT WAS PROBABLY AN
ACCIDENT ANYWAY...

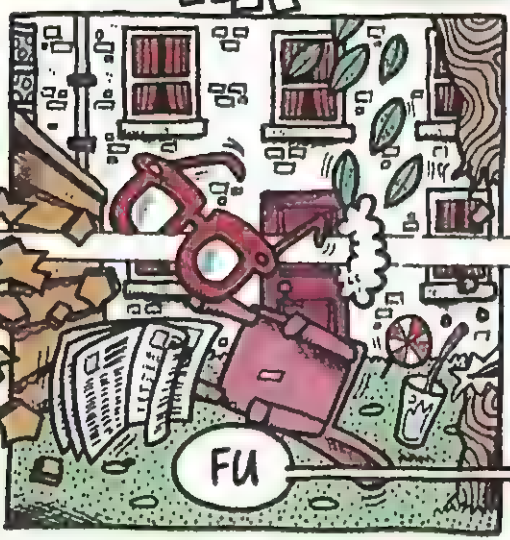
... I DON'T
WANT TROUBLE



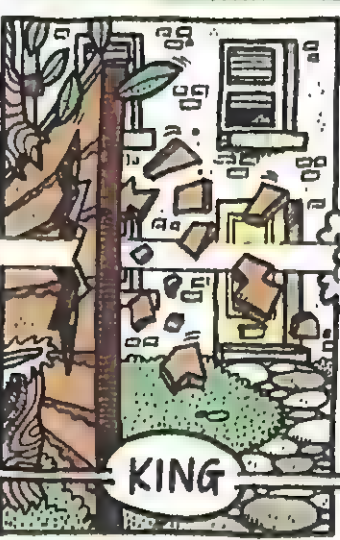
THAT DOES IT! THERE COMES A
TIME WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO STAND UP
TO A BULLY... THAT BIG FACKING APE
IS GOING TO GET A PIECE OF MY
MIND!!



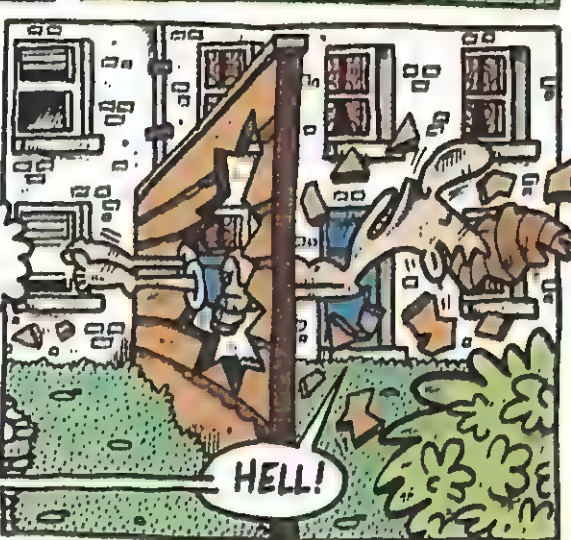
BARGE



FU



KING



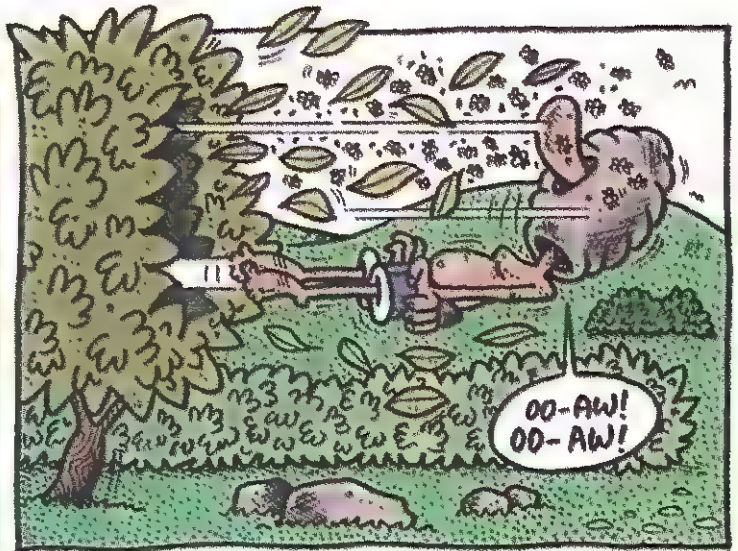
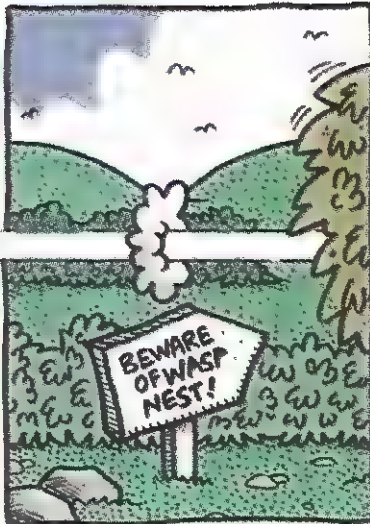
HELL!

Cheese of the Month

JULY: AUSTRIAN SMOKED

A delicately smoked soft cheese, delicious on it's own or with port and crackers. Ideal for dinner parties, weddings and funerals.

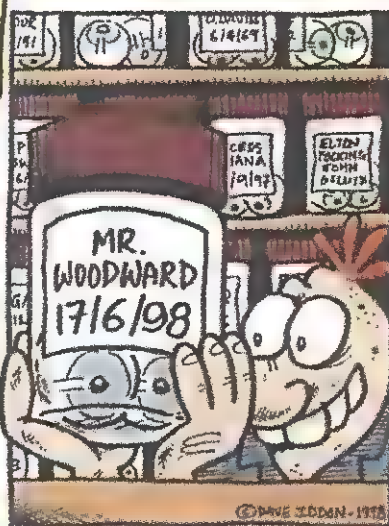
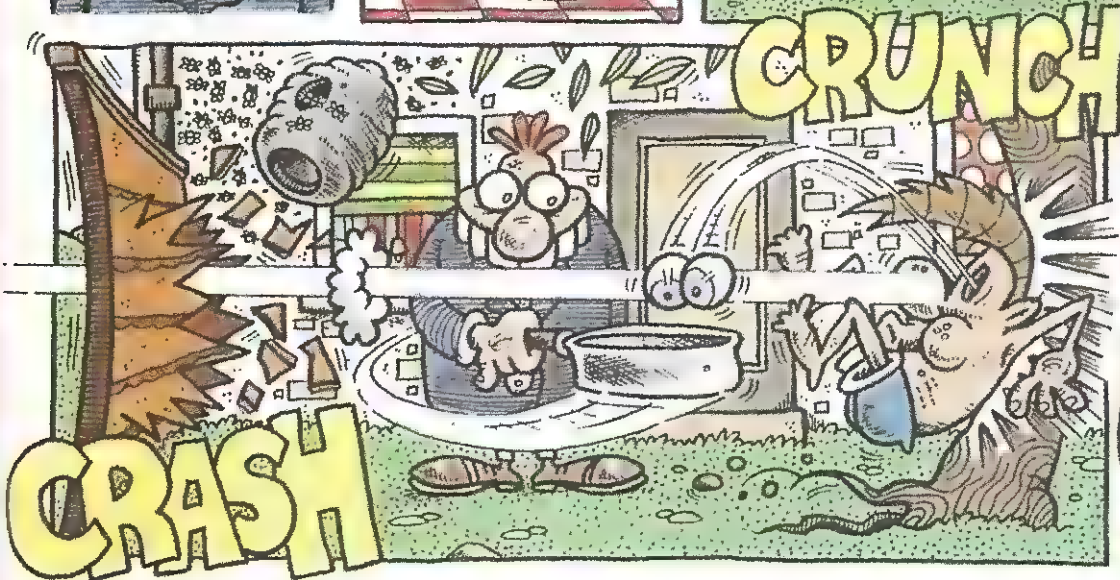
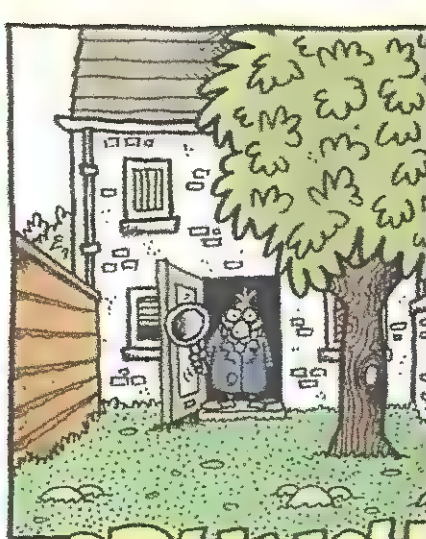
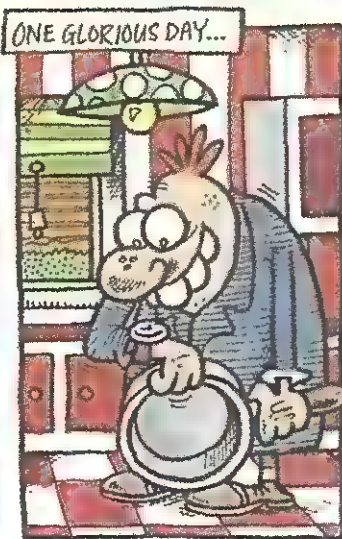
Issued on behalf of the Friends of Cheese' Society, Kent.



THE MAN WHO COLLECTS EYEBALLS



ONE GLORIOUS DAY...



18 YEAR
OLD
VIRGIN
0374
556323

LESBIAN
SEX
0374
556625

LIP SERVICE
Dial
Now &
Enjoy
0331 91
1355

**EXPLICIT
HORNY
SEX TALK**
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STICK
YOUR
WEAPON
BETWEEN
MY TWIN
PEAKS
005 6000 9091

HOT GOSSIP
THE LINE THAT
HAS EVERYONE TALKING
0891 181324
Interactive message exchange

I WANT TO
HEAR
YOU
SPLASH
OVER
THESE
005 9256 9907



the



ONLY



People



WHO



drink



cider



are



piss



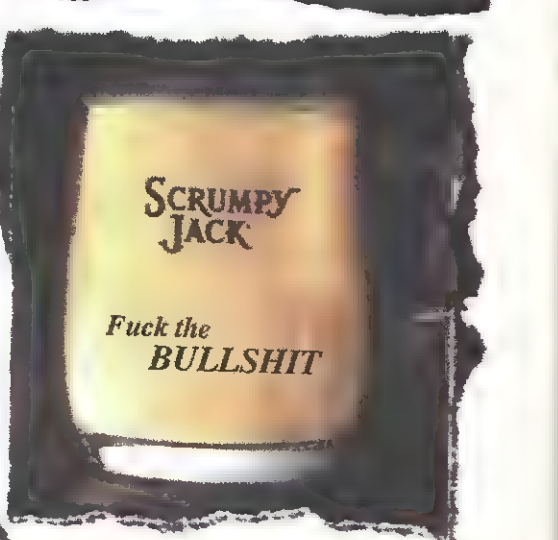
heads



on PARK



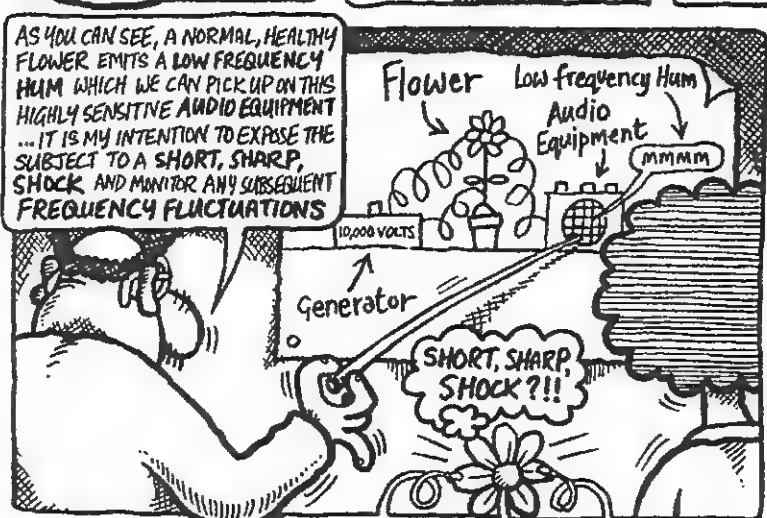
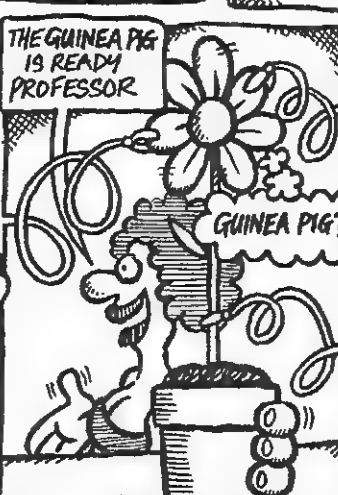
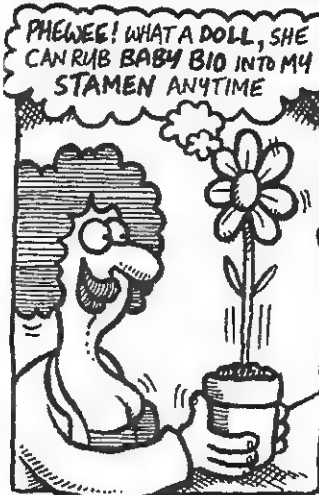
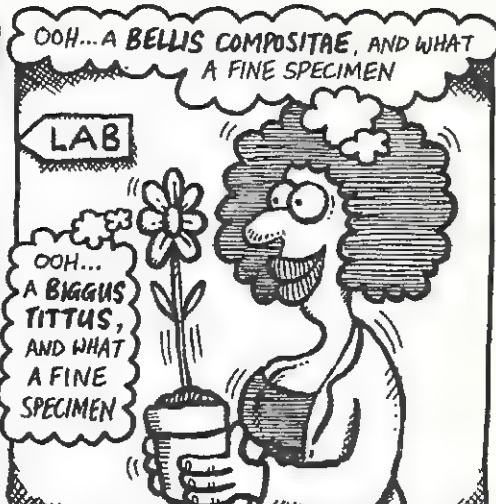
BENCHES



SCRUMPY
JACK

Fuck the
BULLSHIT

(He's very rude indeed.)





AFTER TEN YEARS OF CONTINUALLY WATCHING BLUE MOVIES STAN CRUTCH HAD BECOME CONVINCED THAT HE, IN HIS EVERYDAY LIFE, WAS STARRING IN AN ADULT PRODUCTION

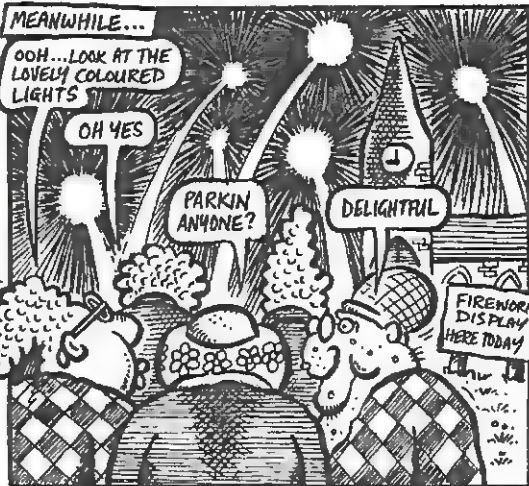


FWOAR! FIREWORK DISPLAY... A REMAKE OF THE CLASSIC "BOSOM DANGLERS, SWEDISH BANKERS"

CHURCH HALL WOMEN'S INSTITUTE FIREWORK DISPLAY ALL WELCOME



RIGHT, TIME TO GET READY... A SPLASH OF HI-KARATE ON OLD FAITHFUL SHOULD LIGHT SOME TOUCH PAPERS...



MEANWHILE...
OOH... LOOK AT THE LOVELY COLOURED LIGHTS
OH YES
PARKIN ANYONE?
DELIGHTFUL
FIREWORK DISPLAY HERE TODAY



STEADY ON LADIES, STANLEYS HERE

MY GOD... THAT MAN'S IN FANCY DRESS



RIGHT WHO'S FIRST GRIP ON STANLEY'S ROMAN CANDLE? JUST LIKE "BIG JAGGED DELIGHT ON BONFIRE NIGHT"



COME ON GIRLS, WHO WANTS TO LIGHT THIS LOVE ROCKET?



QUICK GET THE VICAR'S WIFE... THERE'S A PERVERT EXPOSING HIMSELF TO THE LADIES

SCREAM!



I SAW SIR KINDLY BEHAVE WHILST I LIGHT THE CATHERINE WHEEL

THAT'S THE SPIRIT BITCH, JUST LIKE "CATHERINE WHEEL TITTY FEEL!"



OH MY GOD... SHE'S DEAD!!

IT WAS THE SHOCK

HUH! FRIGID EH?



HADN'T WE BETTER CALL AN AMBULANCE

WHAT'S THE POINT? SHE'S ALREADY DEAD!

MAY AS WELL JUST CHUCK HER ON THE BONNY

HMM... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA



RUMMAGE RUMMAGE

FIREWORK STORE

KEEP OUT

FIREWORK STORE

KEEP OUT



...AND NOW
FOR THE GRAND
FINALE, WITH
A SPECIAL
FIREWORK
MESSAGE FOR
ALL YOU LOVELY
LADIES OUT THERE

I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT
YET EDNA... OH WAIT
A MINUTE, IT'S JUST
STARTING TO BECOME
CLEAR.



SCRIPT: 900 - FEMINIST DAVE 1999.

He's back,
in a rack
...with a
bulging
Sack!



THERE'S A COW HERE
SAYS HE'S GOT
B.S.E DOCTOR...

OK, SEND HIM IN
FLORENCE



SO, YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT B.S.E SIR?



THAT'S RIGHT LOVE...



...A BIG STIFF ERECTION!!!



DAVE IDDON - 1996

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Postman Pat

Starring

and introducing
BEZ
THE MILK-MAN

SHAUN RIDER

AFTERNOON BEZ, WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP SO EARLY?

WELL IT WAS SUCH A NICE DAY, I THOUGHT I'D NIP OVER TO MAD CYRILS AND GET CRUSTED

...AN EXCELLENT IDEA MY WOBBLY FRIEND...JUST BEAR WITH ME ONE MOMENT WHILE I FINISH MY ROUND...

3-7 SECONDS LATER...

...THAT SHOULD DO IT... NOW FOR A SPOT OF PHARMACEUTICAL RELIEF!

ROUND AT CYRILS...

THAT'S ODD, THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM

HANG ON, THERE'S A NOTE HERE MATE, IT SAYS HE'S JUST POPPED OUT FOR A PINT... OF PETROL!

... STILL, I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'D MIND IF WE STARTED WITH HIM... TIME FOR A LITTLE GAME OF "HUNT THE STASH" METHINKS

PRESENTLY...

BINGO!

BISCUITS

WHAT DO YOU RECKON THEY ARE THEN SHAUN?

WHO KNOWS, WHO CARES, JUST GET A HANDFUL DOWN YOUR NECK

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

ANYTHING?...

NOT YET MATE

SEVERAL MORE...

RUMBLE...

SHIIIIIIIIITT!!

SHORTLY...

SORRY I'M LATE, I CALLED AT THE GARAGE FOR A CARRY OUT... HUH? WHERE IS EVERYBODY?..

MAD CYRIL

PETROL

... AND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY JAR OF LAXATIVES ?!!

MAD CYRIL

CHRIST ALMIGHTY BEZ! THIS IS ONE SERIOUSLY BAD TRIP!

TELL ME ABOUT IT!

BANG

BLURT

THRAP

FRUIT

POOT

SPAT

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ADVERTISE
IN**

zit

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My Daughter's Pregnant
0336 405466

Mr Fury
0336 405465

Invite to Number 10
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and follow the instructions

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Richard Evans

0336-421794
Ted Jarvis

0336-406420
Stan Reid

0336-421788
Taxi Driver

Jokers PO Box 109 Alton GU34 1XL
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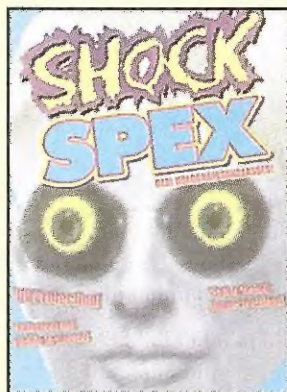
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